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The Children of Wisdom

And Other Sermons

JOHN DE SOYRES, M.A.

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THE CHILDREN OF WISDOM

AND OTHER SERMONS

PREACHED IN CANADIAN PULPITS.

BY THE

REV. JOHN DE SOYRES, M.A.,

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PREFACE.

A WORD of explanation may fitly precede this selection of sermons, preached by an English clergyman during a ten years' ministry in Canada, both as concerning the topics chosen and those which find no place here. The Church of England in Canada has her own great qualities and their defects. As a voluntary Church, virtually without endowments and entirely free from State control, she presents a noble record of devotion among her clergy and of generous co-operation on the part of her laity. But the present conditions of the Canadian Church, the narrow though increasing scope of theological education, and other circumstances connected with parochial appointments, tend to the development of a somewhat contracted spirit, foreign to the true catholic breadth of the Church of England. This will account for the exposition, from different points of view and in

reference to different subjects, of the origin of English Church parties, with their reason of existence and claim to recognition.

It will explain also the earnest plea for the brightest accessories of public worship in conjunction with the sober teaching of the Reformed Church of England.

The custom of funeral sermons, more frequent in the colonies than in the motherland, affords opportunity for depicting two contrasted characters in the late Mr. T. W. Daniel, a noble representative of the Evangelical school of thought, and Bishop Medley, the friend of Keble and Pusey.

It remains to be added that, in the sermon on the "Understanding Prayer" (p. 25), the writer owes great obligations to a paper read many years ago at Leeds by his friend, the Rev. J. A. Cross, Rector of Holbeck.

J. DE S.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK,
Advent, 1897.

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THE CHILDREN OF WISDOM.

Preached at St. John's Church, on the 20th of May (Whitsunday), 1888.

"But wisdom is justified of all her children."—St. Luke vii. 35.

It is not my purpose to discuss the textual questions, interesting and important though they are, attaching to this verse and the parallel passage in St. Matthew. There, as you remember, the last Revision has substituted the words: *Wisdom is justified by her works;* and the latest editions of the Greek text of the New Testament have thought it needful to place a mark of doubt against the concluding words in St. Luke. But apart from textual doubts, there have been varieties of interpretation among those even who hold, as I hold, that the authenticity of the words cannot be shaken. Some commentators of repute, both in early and modern times, have taken the words in an ironical sense. The Jews are the "children of wisdom," in their own estimation; but, the true wisdom, the Word, is justified from their misconceptions, and also the lesser wisdom embodied in John the Baptist. Other commentators

have more correctly interpreted the words as meaning that the Children of Wisdom, those who have attached themselves to her, and are Christ's disciples, give cause and proof in their lives to justify the wisdom they possess.

But two elements of sadness, even in this view, are obvious: Firstly, wisdom is impeached by mankind and is in need of justification. Secondly, to effect this justification, she must needs generate sons who achieve it. Yes, there was a tone of sadness running through the whole address of Jesus to the multitude. It was a sad occasion, if we accept the view that the Baptist's question meant a momentary wavering of faith, though this is not certainly established. It was sad to confess that, against the resistance of the world, the Kingdom of God must manifest itself with violence, breaking through the external coverings of the old dispensation. It was sadder to deplore that neither teacher—neither the Forerunner, nor the greater One whom he proclaimed, could escape the contradictory scorn of their methods. But we must understand the situation of the Jews before we condemn.

It was indeed a hard and puzzling ordeal for the Jews to have to judge, at the same time, two characters so diverse, and to their minds so contradictory, as those of John the Baptist and Jesus Christ. Let us place ourselves in their position. When they had, to some extent, overcome their repugnance to John's unconventional

life and words, had reconciled themselves to his inconvenient directness in commanding unpleasant sacrifices, their troubles were not over. Instead of establishing them as his disciples, their work to pace with him a theological academy, the privileged sharers of an esoteric faith, he tells them that they are but at the threshold; that he himself cannot guide them further; that a higher and greater teacher must now be theirs. And the new Instructor seemed to reverse all that had been learned. Where John had abstained, He enjoys. Where the old teacher had left liberty, He imposes new and stringent mandates. Where John had answered questions of casuistry with specific instruction, Jesus leaves them to their own conscience. He declines to be a judge or a divider, He refuses to be named one of the prophets, He retires when they would fain make him king.

What wonder that some, against John the Baptist's desire, made themselves his sect rather than his disciples: just as, later, Paul and Apollos and Peter were to be distressed by partisans who regarded them not as teachers, but as the figure-heads of their factions.

And others solved the difficulty yet more expeditiously by rejecting both teachers, rejecting at once that burdensome baptism which involved repentance, and the discipleship which claimed the Cross. No far-fetched excuses were needed; a very moderate measure of ingenuity sufficed.

The one teacher could be rejected because he separated himself from mankind; the other because He shared its joys and sorrows. "*For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, he hath a devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold, a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners. But wisdom is justified of all her children.*"

She is justified *from* them, from their own personal insufficiency and weakness which sink into oblivion, while that which is her gift remains eternal. For the children of wisdom are many, and are but sharers in her heritage. Sometimes they misuse the gift; sometimes they do not even comprehend its value till late, nor their own responsibilities. Nevertheless, sooner or later the jewel shines out, in spite of the rude setting. And wisdom is justified *in* and *by* her children, for, though they meet with disdain at first, then opposition, then, perhaps, a seductive and deceptive rush of favor, followed by neglect; yet at last, long perhaps after their death, they are recognized in their true character, scions of the royalty of truth.

That difficulty of choice between different ideals and different systems has lasted through all ages of the Christian Church. Parties have changed their names and their watch-words, but in essence they are continued in unbroken descent. It is easy to denounce parties, and

most easy to denounce those which are not our own; but it is better to understand their reason of existence, and the forces which maintain them. "*There must be heresies* (or factions) *among you,*" said St. Paul, "*that they which are approved may be made manifest;*" and much more must there be one-sided conceptions of Truth, earnest, sincere efforts to maintain and propagate that which we know to be Truth, and believe to be the whole Truth.

From the time of the Reformation there have been certain great divisions of Protestant Christianity, regretable as having caused so much of controversy and bitter misunderstanding, but each from its own side having striven for some important truth, neglected, or opposed, or misconceived by the contemporary Church. First of these, in order alike of chronology and importance, is that section (at first indeed representing the whole spirit of the Reformation itself) whose glorious function it was to state once more to a deceived and ignorant world the true source of salvation in Jesus Christ. To narrate the history of that movement is to describe once more the most memorable chapter in the history of the Church of England. It is to tell once more the well-known story of Latimer bidding Ridley play the man; of Cranmer expiating a moment's weakness by a martyr's heroism; Jewell in his great *Apology*, demonstrating the agreement of the Reformers

with the Scriptures and the Primitive Church; Baxter and Howe, in a later age, proclaiming the same message; in the last century, Wesley and Whitefield, outside at last (but never in hostility to the Church), Romaine and Toplady, Venn and Newton and Cecil within, raising a needed protest against the utter spiritual deadness of the age, when the pulpit seemed to have no function but to discuss abstract questions of religious evidence, and to inculcate outward morality without experiencing or communicating one spark of that love to God and the neighbor which alone can generate it.

Who but will thank God for the work of these men, a glorious page in the history of Christianity? But, while the excellence of that work needs no proof, we are not blind to the dangers, the exaggerations and the deficiencies which sometimes followed in its train. For that is the inherent weakness of human nature and human intelligence, that rarely can we grasp more than one truth, and sometimes only but a part of it.

Just as, only in the rarest instances of genius —to a Homer, a Dante, or a Shakespeare, the whole world of human nature has been revealed; so in theology, only to a few chosen minds has God given that wide and sober grasp, that calm and still zealous energy, which preserves the balance of seemingly antagonistic truths, the need for freedom and the need for government; faith as the source, holiness as the result of life

in Christ; above all, and in all, the teaching and the practice of charity, "*the very bond of peace and of all virtues.*"

Now, the dangers and shortcomings which followed in the train of this movement were not wanting. The intense emphasis laid upon the need of a professed and personal faith, led sometimes to a carelessness about outward organization, to a neglect sometimes of practical religion, and often, alas, to the admission of hypocritical followers, who professed with their lips what was utterly absent from their hearts. Mere voluntary assemblages of Christians, gathered round some eloquent personage, though often, for a time, the centres of real spiritual life and help to others, are transitory, depending on the life, and sometimes on the character and teaching of one man. And so another party had arisen in the Church, not disregarding the great fundamental teachings, but believing that the faith of Christ needs an outward organization, in order that the great deposit of revealed truth may be preserved inviolate, that all things may be done decently and in order, that the existence of the Church should not depend on the life and strength of individual ministers, but should have the aid, under God's spirit, of those organic helps so clearly recognized in St. Paul's epistles to Timothy and Titus.

That this party has also a noble record of good work, it is impossible to deny. It was from

their ranks, at the beginning of the last century, that Robert Nelson and his friends established the first great Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, as also the sister association for promoting Christian Knowledge. It was by their efforts that irreverence in divine worship was gradually removed, and that, now, every section of Christendom recognizes that to worship God in a neglected building and with slovenly performance of the Church's ordinances, is not a proof of a spiritual worship, but rather of its complete absence.

But here again the shadow is found with the light. Ignorant followers, zealous without discretion, unable to exercise the true balance, made all Truth and all Holiness to consist in obedience to authority, and performance of rubrical ordinance. The outward sign alone was magnified: the element of personal faith in the inward and spiritual grace was ignored. And so, from one side as from the other, came bitter words of recrimination: "You are not preaching the pure Gospel!" said one party. "You are making the Word of God of none effect through your traditions." "And you," exclaimed the opposite side, "you are faithless to your vows of ordination. You are despising those ordinances and sacraments which Christ commanded."

And thus, in bitter strife, the crowning virtue of charity was lost. And worse than this. Exaggeration and one-sidedness have this terrible

after-effect, that they generate an equal exaggeration on the other side. Because one side seems to neglect, on the other, the excess will be increased, and the gulf widened between those who claim the same eternal Father, the same redeeming Saviour, and the same sanctifying Spirit. And so there was need for another teaching, though not another party, to uphold the principle of charity—that new commandment, "that we love one another." No doubt the abhorrence of controversy, of mere verbal orthodoxy, or of mere machine-like correctness of ritual, has caused on this side also errors as regretable as in the others. The knowledge that empty phrases had been substituted for God's truth has led some of them to neglect the due exposition of fundamental doctrines; and the consciousness that Church order has sometimes been made the cloak of sacerdotal tyranny, has led at times to neglect of organization divinely approved. But still there was need for the counterbalancing force, and among these last, as among the others, the children of wisdom have been found.

In our own century, among the worthy representatives of the first movement I have described, who has not heard of the character and work of Charles Simeon, at Cambridge? Coming there when all religious life seemed dead, when theological learning was at its lowest ebb, he strove against an opposition which would have daunted

the stoutest heart. Actual violence, bitter attacks, then contempt, nicknames—the easy substitute for arguments—fell to his lot, but he pressed on, gathering around him from students and townspeople a small but gradually increasing body of hearers for the Gospel of Christ. At last he lived to see the battle won; and when, fifty years ago, he passed away to his rest, there are those still living who remember the universal grief, how those who once had been opponents joined in the great procession to the historic chapel of King's College, and all recognized that here Wisdom was justified by her offspring.

Nor shall we forget another figure from that sister university, which has been said to have been more fruitful in movements than in men, but still boasts a great calendar of sons who have done service to Church and State. John Keble, at Oxford, led that movement which at first intended to restore reverent service, and to inculcate neglected truths, passed in later hands far beyond the intentions of its creators. But the union of an apostolical simplicity with perfect scholarship and culture, made him a figure so personally attractive that all bitterness ceased around him—the weapon of the controversialist fell as that gentle face appeared. And when the professorship at Oxford was exchanged for the quiet vicarage of Hursley, and he who had expounded the principles of the Church put forth those Hymns of the Christian Year, which are

now the heritage of all Christians, sung by Dissenter as by Churchman—then men who differed most widely from his opinions on some vexed questions felt that here also was a child of wisdom, and they learned of him later because they had loved him first. Keble was no lukewarm character, no temporizing adherent of his cause, he could speak strongly and with warmth. But those dead controversies have left no echo, and the living voice speaks to all our hearts, when we sing:

> "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
> It is not night if Thou be near;
> O may no earth-born cloud arise
> To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes."

And if, lastly, I may speak to you of one with whom, in former years, I came in personal contact, I would claim, as for Simeon and Keble, so also for Frederick Denison Maurice, the same sonship of the heritage of wisdom. Sixteen years have passed since he was laid to rest, and already he is only a name to many people. But some here, doubtless, have heard or read of his early struggles, the alternations of fame and obloquy, the fierce attacks, the sufferings, neither feigned nor protruded; at last rest, rather by sufferance than recognition. And to the younger generation of those who came under his influence at Cambridge, who remember what they learnt from look and voice as well as from definite

teachings, what lessons of truth and reality shown forth like the good priest of Chaucer:

> "And Christes way, and His Apostles Twelve
> He taught; but first he followed it himself;"

that influence was unspeakable.

Maurice was brought to the Church of England not by education or hereditary connection, but by mature conviction that her ordered liberty affords the best framework for spiritual progress, and that she reconciles Protestant freedom with fidelity to the universal Church. Once in her ranks, and after dedicating himself to her work as a minister, he consecrated his life as solemnly as ever a monk of the Middle Ages cut himself off from the world's temptations. He was one of the first to feel, and to excite in others, that intense sympathy for the poor which must be a faith, though sometimes it is only a fashion. He it was, with colleagues one in spirit, who proclaimed that the Gospel blessing on the poor was no mere phrase. He taught prudence and self-help to the working-man; explained the principles of co-operation; pressed on them the need for higher education; offered himself as their teacher. His voice was drowned in the uproar of the year 1848; it was overwhelmed by the party cries of those who resisted all change and all improvement, or who disdained his proposals as insufficient. But the voice was not silenced, nor were its words forgotten. Who

does not remember the Laureate's invitation, and the lines:

> . . . "Till you should turn to dearer matters,
> Dear to the man who is dear to God;
> How best to help the slender store,
> How mend the dwellings of the poor;
> How gain in life, as life advances,
> Valor and charity, more and more."

At last came the end of the combats, and Cambridge, the place of his first choice, received him as a teacher and as a parish priest. Never will those who then, for the first time, heard him, forget that voice which made the reading of the Scriptures a commentary, and the oft-heard Liturgy a new devotional discipline. Never will they forget, who had the privilege of meeting in his house, the magical influence of a nearer personal access; those classes, almost like a family circle, in which the narrow light of Locke's Essay was made the text of conversation that opened to our eyes the first glimpses of that true philosophy—

> "Which is not crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute."

And when but a year later, he was taken from us, in the midst of work for the world, in the beginning of recognition by the world, it was as when the tidings came that Elijah had departed, the silencing of a great voice,—but no, that

voice was not silenced, "*he being dead, yet speaketh.*"

And for each and all of these men the Church of England has room in her wide fold. She is not a sect, born out of some minute difference, and ending with some transient popularity; but a Church, built upon the broad and firm rock of Christ's teachings, ordinances, and promises. Those great and wise statesmen, who stood around the throne of Edward and Elizabeth, and framed the substance of our formularies, endeavored not to contract, but to enlarge. They wished to retain, if it were possible, the whole nation; they strove to include, not only those who were capable of grasping the full teachings of the Reformation, but those thousands in the North and West who had not yet severed the ties of affection to the old forms, and who now found so many of the old prayers and praises, as well as the old creeds, faithfully translated in the new Liturgy.

Our Church admits, she recognizes the three great sections I have described to you; and he is not a wise son who should desire to diminish her Catholic scope, even by retrenching some practices and some opinions which he does not share. For to what tribunal can he appeal? To the Articles? We all subscribe them readily, and we are bound to accept them in their simple grammatical sense. To the Prayer Book? All parties may desire in private some alterations

whether of addition or abbreviations, but all accept it loyally, and prize it as our inestimable treasure. To our History? There have been Calvinistic Archbishops, and Arminian and High Church Archbishops, and Latitudinarian Archbishops; and who shall venture to pronounce upon any of them a posthumous deposition?

Let us thank God, then, that all efforts to narrow our Church into a sect have failed, and let us hope that all future efforts may similarly fail!

For any such victory would be, whether to the victors or to the whole Church herself,

> . . . "that dishonest victory,
> Of Chæronea, fatal to liberty;"

and the party which gained it would speedily feel the Nemesis of its suicidal policy.

For the Church to which we belong is Catholic and Protestant, and, above all things, National. She claims no infallibility for herself. She denies no hope for others. Her motto is found in those noble words, the authorship of which is unknown, but which surely the spirit of God inspired: IN THINGS NECESSARY, UNITY; IN THINGS NOT NECESSARY, LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

One last word: if we realize that the Spirit is given, not to this or to that section of the Church, but to *every man to profit withal;* if

we remember that to the back-sliding Galatians, and to the restless and divided Corinthians, the same apostolic salutation came as to the beloved of Ephesus and Philippi; if we remember the divine blessing on the peacemakers: if we feel that to preach even truth wrathfully and bitterly poisons the very truth itself; that our satisfaction may be the Pharisee's pride, and the object of our dislike may enjoy the Samaritan's blessings; then surely the seeming difficulty of Diversity in Unity, and Unity amid Diversity, will cease to perplex us. We shall welcome, we shall honor each child of Wisdom, accepting the measure of his gift; we shall "*walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.*"

THE UNDERSTANDING PRAYER.

Sermon preached before the Deanery of St. John, in Trinity Church, October 8th, 1889.

"I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

In St. Paul's character nothing is more remarkable than the union of enthusiasm and common sense. Usually we have come to regard these qualities as contradictory; the reasonable man despises the enthusiast, the ardent devotee regards the other as lukewarm and half-hearted. And yet these attributes can be, ought to be, in harmony one with another; they can and ought to be in some measure represented and united in each well-developed mind.

Never does St. Paul manifest this union so conspicuously as in his dealing with the delicate topic of the regulation of public worship. He dealt with circumstances and conditions hard for us even to conceive. Instead of an elaborate system of inherited liturgical forms, as we possess, they had but the simple ordinances of Christ, which many added on to the practice of the Jewish ceremonial law. But instead of our modern spirit, calm and critical, rather accepting than

seeking Christ and His words, there was a passionate zeal, there was the possession or the claim of spiritual gifts, there was an intense feeling of spiritual democracy, where not even an apostle could urge a direct command, but could only counsel and exhort.

Not for a moment would the great apostle have seemed to quench the Spirit, or to despise prophesying; never would he have discouraged even the unskilful utterance of a devout soul, or the earnest striving of a loving spirit. But he knew that an intelligent principle must pervade even that service which springs from the heart's impulse; and he strove to urge such regulation, and such methods, that all things might be done with decency and order.

Again and again, since those days, the subject of the best methods of divine service has been discussed. The slow development of liturgical forms was followed later by a disastrous obscurity and complication—not merely the admixture of spurious legend with the inspired Scripture, not merely the patent abuse of saying service in what had become, little by little, a dead language and an unknown tongue, but those difficulties of arrangement, admitted even by the clergy, of which the Preface to our Prayer Book says, "*That many times there was more business to find out what should be read, than to read it when it was found out.*"

And now, after three more centuries, the

thought of a necessity for further revision is before the Christian Church. The matter has repeatedly occupied the attention of the sister Church of the United States. Indeed, it is a most serious and solemn question I do not envy the man who approaches the matter with a light heart, still less one with any feeling of superiority or of scorn for opposition. With regard to the liturgy, two words, *alteration, adaptation,* have been brought into prominence. As to the first, if I dwell upon its possibilities or necessities, I do not speak from any present or personal feeling. The minister of an educated congregation speaks shame to himself if he has not been able to make clear to old and young the archaic words, and trains of thought, or forms of expression, found in the liturgy. But this is a question, not for individual congregations, but for the whole Anglican Church. And those who have ministered in the mother country in large cities or in rural parishes, who know what is the condition of an English artisan or an agricultural laborer, know that the memories of a few years in the Sunday-school will *not* fit them, however zealous are the clergy, to understand fully the words read and prayed. And our Church's words, in her Twenty-fourth Article, against the use of prayer "not understanded of the people" should be applied, by all reasonable force and inference, not only to the use of a dead language, but to any conditions where the words

uttered do not convey to the hearers a direct and intelligible meaning. Let us remember that this is no burning question; no party conflict is here apprehended. It is a simple question of method. How are we to achieve the end inculcated by St. Paul, "I will pray with the understanding," for all those schools of religious thought which claim a place within the broad field of the Church of England are eager in professed loyalty to our book of Common Prayer?

Yet each of these sections confesses that there are some points which admit of beneficial alteration. Indeed, there would be scant prospect of united action if such modification even remotely touched upon doctrinal differences. One party, for instance, now representing a large numerical proportion, may regard our communion service as meagre, and may view the concluding rubric with a dislike that only varies in the candour of utterance. Others may deplore the ambiguous use of the word "regeneration" in the service of baptism, and might desire that the absolution in the service for the sick should have been expressed in a declaratory form. Another party might exclude, or leave in a very solitary background, the so-called creed of Athanasius. But it is remarkable, that in every quarter, the absolute need for simplification of divine service has been recognized, and simple mission services, under different names and with varying elements of method, are now the indispensable machinery of all organized work for Christ.

No; this demand for liturgical revision is no feverish party cry; no utterance of crude theorists, or of seekers after notoriety. "*I should think*" (wrote the martyred Bishop Patteson) "*that three-fourths of what clergymen say is unintelligible to the mass of the congregation. We assume an acquaintance with Bible and Prayer Book thought, and a knowledge of the meaning of words, which few, alas! possess.*" Those who have been trained, by long use and teaching, to take an intelligent part in the ordinary public services of the Church can have no notion of the difficulty which these services present to those who have not been so trained. The orderly succession of confession and absolution, of prayer and praise, Scripture and creed, so edifying to the well-instructed Churchman, are often insoluble problems to those are without his education. Even amongst regular churchgoers the power of intelligently following the course of the service is more rare than is commonly supposed. But to the class I am now describing there are other difficulties—that of even finding the place, of hard and unusual words; and every word is unusual, and therefore hard, which is outside the ordinary vocabulary.

Then there is the religious and historical knowledge that is requisite to the proper understanding of almost everything that is read and sung. How much of such knowledge is necessary to take in the meaning of some of the

Psalms, of the canticles; the *Te Deum*, for example, or the *Nunc Dimittis*? Some of the lessons, many, indeed, are simple and beautiful; but others are almost unintelligible without comment, as the prediction of Isaiah was to the Ethiopian officer. Some which are clear in themselves depend for their proper understanding on a context, which the ordinary hearers cannot supply, or on a knowledge of the Bible, which few now possess. And so many who have come to our churches, not out of mere curiosity, but with a fervent desire to worship and to learn, pass away to other places, or cease to attend any. Of course it is easy to blame them, to bring texts of Scripture against them. They are "*forsaking the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is*"—the manner, alas! of many millions in our greater cities, and almost the whole of the artisan class in England. But there is another text which must sometimes come to our recollection, and which comes with terrible significance to the mind of a Christian teacher who strives to do his work loyally, and within the lines of his Church—the text (I mean) about "*the key of knowledge*," and the "*kingdom of God*," and "*hindering them that would enter in*." Who but will admit that in all our services there are portions as clear and intelligible as when first translated or composed, and that in none is there any such serious obscurity as that the willing

and devout hearer is sent empty away. Who does not confess that our burial service, in its perfect and incomparable adaptation of means to ends, is a "creation for ever," and claims in but a slightly qualified sense the supreme title of an inspired work of man. And those who have listened, whether as participators, or merely as devout spectators, during the rite of Confirmation, will admit that every feature of that service, its brevity and simplicity, as well as the solemnity of its question and pledge, make it worthy of consecrating the vow of manful Christian service and the utterance of fervent conviction.

In some of the occasional services, indeed, loyal and reverent students of our liturgy have admitted that abbreviation and simplification would, at the present day, add largely to their power as a means of devotional exercise even in the case of educated worshippers. And this has been more than once stated with regard to the service for the public baptism of infants. It is not the case of a divinity lecturer and his class that we are considering; it is not that of an educated congregation in a land where education is universal, but of those cases known to every clergyman, in a large city or in a hamlet, where the service, with all its transcendent truths and its unutterable and solemn beauties, is yet "*not understanded of the people.*" How often does a minister under these circumstances long, as he

sees the bewildered sponsors anxiously following the whispers of the parish official, to lay down the Prayer Book, and quietly ask the godparents: "*Do you acknowledge that, when this child grows up, he is bound to believe in God, and in our Lord Jesus Christ? Do you wish him to be baptized in this faith? Will you promise to see that he is properly taught his religion and brought up in the fear of God?*"

Perhaps the answers to these plain questions would be blunt and unconventional, but better such questions and answers as these, when they mean something, than the finest in the world, when they mean nothing.

It may be urged against this plea for the simplification of some of our services that it is the Church's duty to educate the people up to the requirements, and not bring the services down to the level of the people. Ah! that objection would be weighty, indeed, were there the faintest hope of our being able to educate the mass of our poor in great cities to an intelligent and appreciative use of our present Prayer Book. But it is not needful, nor would any reasonable Christian desire, to displace or modify all the services in present use. Among them, and in place of some of them, sometimes, with permissive and alternative use, might be placed services which the people could understand without education; services which would be themselves a step in the religious education of

those who came to them. Surely that Church which twice in the last three centuries has sanctioned a complete revision of the text of the Bible itself, might find among her sons those in whose wisdom and sober judgment she could place an equal trust, who might with reverent care remove from our beloved liturgy obsolete expressions and repetitions no longer helpful.

And, indeed, the Church has already approached the threshold of this needed reform by the free and ungrudging admission of services suited for children, and simple mission services, whether within the fabric of the Church itself, or even in the open air. Her temples stand amongst a great people, a people not hostile to religion, who need its influences, and would welcome its consolations. Her Gospel has not changed since the days when it was first preached to the poor, and the common people heard her Master gladly. Surely she has now glad tidings for other classes than the educated and the prosperous. Surely her only want—it is a want now fully recognized and within our power of supply—is for the right words to speak the old message and the old truths; to speak them to the heart and understanding; so that her voice may be, indeed, a living voice to the world, giving no uncertain sound, and aiding the utterance of the Spirit's striving in the hearts of men.

THE DAYS OF OLD.

Preached at St. John's Church on the Anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists, May 18th, 1890, at the request of the Loyalists' Society.

"Remember the former things of old."—ISAIAH xlvi. 9.

MAN stands upon a narrow isthmus, as it were, between two dark immensities, the future and the past. He has the light of God's revelation, partial but sufficient, which shows him the path before him, teaches him the present dangers and responsibilities, and gives him confidence as to the final goal. But, on the other side, there is also light—the light of history and example. That light is of God also, for all truth comes from Him, although it comes to us through different channels, and needs our exact study and our patient research.

There was a mighty truth symbolized in that ancient fancy which created a Muse of History, the voice of Divine beauty irradiating the records of life.

But mightier is the truth, greater the dignity to us, who receive the foundations of our faith in history, written by the finger of God. Nor

do we draw hard boundaries and impassable limits between the history of the Jewish race or of the Christian Church, and that of other races and other phases of the world's evolution. The true student of history, knowing that God is in the world, recognizes the finger of God in all creation, in the vicissitudes of every century; and to him the study and delineation of any epoch is a solemn thing, it is a priesthood and ministry, it is the utterance of TRUTH, without fear and without reproach, for the benefit and instruction of mankind.

The true student of history can look far beyond the special period of which he may be treating; he perceives forces at work, greater than the skill of generals, the diplomacy of ambassadors, the experience of statesmen, or the eloquence of demagogues. He discerns that reigns and dynasties are but the chapters and verses in one great book, inseparable parts of one mighty whole. For these periods of time and movements of national life are not like so many isolated lakes, joined merely by the slender stream of a succession or a conquest, but are waves in one might river, whose winding course draws its tributaries from every land and every clime, whose first beginnings are lost beyond our view among the cloud-clapped mountains of antiquity, and whose irresistible progress bears us onward, unhasting, unresting towards the boundless ocean of the future.

But though we recognize this great truth of the *Unity of History*, we cannot ignore the superiority, both in attraction, and indeed in importance, of those periods and those past events which are bound to us with our own ancestry and the links of personal feeling.

To the Jew, the descendant in direct course of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the appeal of the prophet Isaiah came as a trumpet call: "*Remember the former things of old!*" He recalled, as if in one long vista of remembrance, a history that never will know its parallel; beginning with the first creative word of God, with the dim and awful memories of forfeited bliss, tempered by promised help and salvation.

Then pass across the stage of memory the stately figures of patriarch, and judge, and king, and prophet; the escape from Egyptian bondage, the wilderness and the promised land; the periods of anarchy and the growth of monarchy; David's victories and Solomon's glories; the sad decay after the disruption, when Isaiah's burning words smote upon their ears.

And do not similar feelings, associations hardly less vivid and pathetic, arise in the hearts of many other families in this world of ours? If pride in achievements which have left their indelible mark upon the annals of the world, which claim the willing echo of other nations' recognition, may be granted utterance, then

might our fatherland and her sons boast, in the poet's strain of old, of

> "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This fortress built by Nature for herself—
> Against infection and the hand of war . . .;
> This precious stone set in the silver sea . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
> this England!"

Nor would the children of other nations lack causes of proud recollection, whether of present or past glories; none would refuse the call, none would endeavor unmoved to "*remember the former things of old!*" But though the recollection of past triumph is sweet, it is measured by our present condition. In the most pathetic scene which ever poet's imagination conceived, the victim of jealousy and cruel vengeance says,

> "There is no sadder lot,
> Than to remember happy days gone by,
> In misery now."

But a memory of past sufferings, undergone for *conscience* or *loyalty's* sake, conveys a glow which is not that of mere pride, mere self-satisfaction.

When the Protestant of France recalls the days when his forefathers relinquished all that makes life dear in their well-loved country—for conscience' sake, he thinks not of the lands and

wealth abandoned, but of the crown of joy ensured. All bitterness of recollection has vanished; he can review dispassionately the political causes which inevitably led to what was, in itself, the crowning error of the great monarch, the cruel and self-inflicted wound in the prosperity of the nation. Even in the time of bitter separation itself, love of the country could surmount and suppress all vengeful feeling, all sense of personal wrong.

And so we read how the great preacher Saurin, himself an exile for the sake of Jesus Christ, preaching to a congregation of exiles, could pray for the king himself who had driven them from home and country; could pray for his prosperity as well as for his conversion, could implore from the Throne of Grace that he who had been the instrument of its wrath might become the minister of its grace and bounty.

And if, when the two greatest principles of humanity, religion and loyalty, were seemingly brought into conflict, it was possible to maintain the one without abandoning the other: how much more conspicuous are the examples of *loyalty,* when faith and country are the same; when, in spite of disaster, they remain

> "True as the dial to the sun,
> Although they be not shined upon."

This day our thoughts are called to "*remember the former things of old*—events which

occupy a bright page in our country's history, and which, to all inhabitants of this province, and to many away, you with a still more intimate and personal feeling, come with a sense of solemn remembrance and bright example.

More than a hundred years ago your ancestors gave up home, and all its associations, for the sake of a principle; not a mere political theory, about which men may argue for victory, but a belief which was a *Faith*, that which embodied itself in consistent action, which surmounted all self-interest, and consecrated the purpose of life.

It would be easy, it would be tempting to use the words of simple panegyric. These would be no mere platitudes, they would be truth.

But history has a higher function than the distribution of praise and blame: she searches out the causes, so far as they are discoverable, of those mighty unseen forces which move the world and make our annals. To paint the Loyalists in monotonous hues of praise; to imply that their opponents were actuated by evil motive, disloyalty for its own sake, would be as unworthy of this place as of the good men and brave citizens whom we commemorate to-day. "*Paint me as I am*," said Oliver Cromwell to the flattering artist who would fain have softened his rough outlines and destroyed all his individuality.

And we, looking back through the vista of an eventful century, are able to dissociate ourselves

from its passions and its party-cries, and to recognize how here, as ever, there had been noble purpose and truth on both sides of the conflict, like the fabled conflict of the knights about the shield with its golden and silvern sides. Remember that the noblest minds in our fatherland were always opposed to that suicidal policy which alienated the American colonies. A month before hostilities began, the greatest Englishman of his age, Edmund Burke, in that oration on "Conciliation with America" which stands as an imperishable monument of eloquence and political foresight, said :

"Our hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have ; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience."

But his was the voice of one crying in the wilderness ; scorn and contempt were hurled upon the colonists whose English blood impelled them to demand English constitutional liberties. Their arguments were ignored, their protests regarded as sedition. No one listened when Burke exclaimed :

"Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings in America with the old warning of the Church: *Sursum corda!* Lift up your hearts! We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us."

Alas, the hearts of men were not lifted up, but were debased by pride, and ignorance, and hatred. But the crime was to bring its penalty.

"*Those whom God will destroy,*" ran the old adage, "*He first deprives of reason.*" And so England paid the penalty of her ignorance, of not having known the time of her visitation, by the loss of an empire. That is the bright side of American independence, that which is recognized now by every candid thinker. It was that which caused Chatham to declare that, were he an American as he was an Englishman, he would never lay down his arms. It is that which enables us, now to view the marvellous growth in power and prosperity of the great American Republic with no narrow jealousy, no retrospective grudges. To them, our brethren in blood and faith, we look with sympathy and affection; and if the American citizen who worships in our churches hears no specific prayer for his country and its rulers, yet for them as for all constituted authorities in other lands, our supplication is raised: "That it may please Thee to bless and

keep all Thy people: that it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace and concord."

So much then, for the impartial voice of history on one side. What has she to say for those on the other; those who did not share, or would not carry to the bitter end, the aspirations for independence; those above all, who—like Non-Jurors and Royalists of olden times, would suffer any wrong, any oppression, rather than infringe the lightest prerogative of the crown.

What were their sufferings? With that same candor with which we have acknowledged the justice of the claims they opposed, we must admit the bigotry from which they suffered. The Puritanism of the seventeenth century, which had vindicated religious liberty against Bancroft and Laud, experienced the unusual fate which too often attends a change from suffering to power. A contraction of character, acquired under oppression, too often breeds tyranny, when force is at command; the lesson of mercy was not learned, nor the example of forgiveness. Thence came cruel persecutions of ministers and other members of our Church, not to be dwelt on bitterly, but not to be forgotten.

Thence arose those outrages, nameless and numberless, which an able writer, himself an American in birth and sympathy, denounces in language which does honor alike to his candor and wisdom:

"*On whose cheek*," concludes this writer,

"should have been the blush of shame, when the habitations of the aged and feeble were sacked, and no refuge was left but the woods! When the innocent were outraged, and foul words spoken to women?" And the wild outrages of mobs and lawless individuals were sanctioned, alas! by the acts of legislative bodies; confiscation, imprisonment, and even death, being inflicted for acts which, at any period of sober fairness, would have been regarded as venial or innocent.

But we turn gladly from the sadder pages, to those where nothing of recrimination is implied, and where we can recount actions of which we may indeed be proud, and of which those friends who once were adversaries will echo the approbation.

May not the Church of England remember the name of Inglis with honor, who, threatened with violence, yet hesitated not to read the prayers for the King he honored and was bound to serve, although armed soldiers filled the church?

May not you, also, recount the sufferings, endurance and earnest purpose of your ancestors, who bade farewell to a land where they had worthily filled high office and noble station, and prepared to seek the new home in the unknown land?

Might they not apply to such men of pure loyalty, and steadfast faith, the words of our second lesson of to-night:

"And if indeed they had been mindful of that country from which they went out, they would have had opportunity to return. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city."

If there be one principle which can find a firm and consistent anchorage in the precepts of Holy Scripture, it is that of loyalty.

The kingdom which Christ came to establish was not of this world; He stood outside the turmoil of national aspirations and regrets; He enjoined and even provided for the payment of the hateful tribute; He commanded that all should render unto Cæsar the things that were his; He fled when His followers, with misguided enthusiasm, would have made Him an earthly king!

And St. Paul uttered no uncertain sound, in his more abstract teaching. Though at that time, a Nero was on the throne of the Cæsars, though all personal attraction to the principle of loyalty was impossible; though cruelty and lust and oppression were the rules of government,—genius and probity in disgrace and danger, yet no word of hesitating loyalty escaped the lips of the great apostle, no syllable from which riot or sedition, or lukewarm fidelity even, could extract the faintest support.

Other maxims, indeed, unknown to the earlier

civilization, are accepted alike by rulers and subjects in lands which enjoy the benefit of constitutional government. Supplementary, not contradictory, are these truths; abolishing primeval errors, amending imperfect conceptions, profiting by the experience of ages, but never abrogating the ancient truths of faith and constancy and loyalty.

"My son," said the wise teacher of old, "fear thou God and the king," and when St. Paul quoted the words to the Thessalonians, it proved that their truth had borne the test of many centuries.

Much has changed, much will change in time to come, customs of men, and forms of thought; systems of government and laws, as even the hills and valleys experienced an unseen change under the unceasing influences of the elements. "*All things change*," it has been said, "*and we are changed with them*," but like the mariner's compass in the stormy night, there is for us a point of fixity, a rule of conduct, a path of safety, and that is, in what Scripture calls the "*single eye*," the faith which God can bestow and by which alone man can be saved.

We are making the history of our own age, as those your ancestors made the history which you remember. In days to come, this age will be past, and itself the subject of judgment.

The children yet unborn will pass judgment on your lives, on your actions. May it be ours

so to work while it is day, so to render their just due to God and Cæsar, that our posterity may recall with pride the example of their ancestry, and our children shall arise and call us blessed, when they remember the former things of old.

NOTE.—It is gratifying to find that the more recent American historians are doing full justice to the merits as well as the difficulties of the Loyalists. In Professor Tyler's "Literary History of the Revolution," the following significant passage is to be found: "Even yet in this last decade of the nineteenth century, it is by no means easy for Americans—especially if, as is the case with the present writer, they be descended from men who thought and fought on behalf of the Revolution—to take a disinterested attitude, that is, an historical one, to those Americans who thought and fought against the Revolution. Both as to the men and as to the questions involved in that controversy, the rehearsal of the claims of the victorious side has been going on among us, now for a hundred years or more, in tradition, in history, in oration, in song, in ceremony. Hardly have we known, seldom have we been reminded, that the side of the Loyalists, as they called themselves, of the Tories, as they were scornfully nicknamed by their opponents, was even in argument not a weak one, and in motive and sentiment not a base one, and in devotion and self-sacrifice not an unheroic one" (p. 296).

CHURCH MUSIC.

Preached at Christ Church, Sussex, N.B., on the occasion of the annual service of the Kingston Deanery Choral Association, June 10th, 1890.

"O praise God in his holiness: praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him in his noble acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.
Praise him in the sound of the trumpet: praise him upon the lute and harp.
Praise him in the cymbals and dances: praise him upon the strings and pipe.
Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals: praise him upon the loud cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath: praise the Lord."
—PSALM. cl.

WHEN we accurately survey the principles of divine service; when we realize the two great objects to which that service owes its reason of existence, namely, the duty of worship and the need of spiritual food; when we understand that all outward form and ceremonial has and can have but one legitimate principle, ordained and approved by God, namely, the attainment of decency, order and edification; then we can advance further to the consideration of those accessories, such as the choir and the

pulpit, seeking to estimate their due place, their real proportion and value in the fabric of divine service, so that we may use them duly, to the glory of God and the benefit of our own souls. And to-day I would speak of music. What does music give us? Is it a mere food for the senses, a pleasing irritation of the ears? Surely more, far more. For between sensation and expressed utterance there is an interval, and there music has her sphere. There are feelings too deep for words, and there she speaks. There are what St. Paul called unspeakable words, and she can convey them to our souls. Aristotle drew the acute distinction between the things seen as objects of perception, and things heard, which are objects of similitude; and so from music we can learn by similitude some of the joys of the heavenly places. Never has music lost her place in worship, since the days of the Psalmist, since the days when Jesus and His disciples "sang a hymn," since the days when St. Paul bade his beloved Ephesians "sing and make melody in their hearts," since the days that St. James, most practical of teachers, bade his hearers express their joy in the singing of Psalms.

Detached utterances in early writers tell us of congregational music, set to words of the vernacular, and this music of the people was organized by the great Ambrose of Milan. And it survived even the reactionary efforts of Gregory,

whose system, carried to a logical extreme, would have deprived the congregation of its birthright, and reduced it to the position of mere audience. But the popular element could not be suppressed, and the Middle Ages gave birth to immortal hymns, such as the *Stabat Mater*, and that famous hymn by Thomas of Celano, which is the possession of all churches. But it was the Reformation which reinstated the work of Ambrose, and "sang itself into the hearts of the people." Next to the open Bible, the hymn-book was the weapon of Luther. And the advance in musical art, above all the discovery of harmony and its functions, added infinitely to the treasury of devotion. And so church music advanced; its history is the history of music, for each great composer has reached his zenith in the dedication of his genius to the service of religion. So John Sebastian Bach, the Leipzig organist, and later the patriarch of music, covering the whole field of his art, and adorning all that he touched, like the Venetian school of painting conjoined perfect color to draughtmanship, so he allied melody to strictest counterpoint; and he reached his highest point in the Passion Music, a true people's oratorio, in which *chorales* for the assembled multitude were interspersed amid the masterpieces of scientific execution. So Handel, given by Germany to England, after he had absorbed all that Italian education could furnish, turns at last to oratorio, and leaves his imperishable

monument in "Israel in Egypt," the "Messiah," "Judas Maccabeus," and "Jephthah."

And Mozart, most wonderful genius, who had exhausted with his masterpieces every form of musical composition, came at last to the *Requiem*, written in reality for himself, when the ancient words were clothed with a new life, and "*Dona nobis pacem*" was a prayer the fulfilment of which God granted soon to the child of genius. And so Haydn culminates with his "Creation," and Beethoven with the "Mount of Olives," and Mendelssohn with "Elijah." And if, in some respects, English composers seem to occupy a lower rank, at least in church music, the names of Boyce, and Purcell, and Tallis, and Samuel Wesley worthily maintain the noblest traditions of accurate science and true devotion.

And now we turn to our special topic: the place of music in public worship. At once the old antagonism of Ambrosian and Gregorian systems is evoked—choral or congregational.

"Let all be done to edifying!" That is the rule: not my personal taste, or yours. Are we not to give good gifts to God? Then why not the trained singer or organist his skill, acquired by patient labour upon original aptitude? Look at the place of a minister in the Protestant service. He is the representative of the people. He utters many prayers alone; yet who complains because all do not repeat with him? At the confession, and in some churches at the

general thanksgiving, all join. But at times he prays alone, and alone he expounds from the authority of his appointment. And so, in the ideal service there is a place, in due proportion, for the choir, for the chorus, the quartette, and even the solo. If a trained and perfect voice chants 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' it will not add devotion to the effect if I destroy art by joining my own untutored strains. The Beauty of Holiness does not mean the mere chaos of universal utterance. But with that admission, admitting that there is a place in the Church for musical art, and for restriction, so that we sing with our souls for a time, listening to those who sing with voice, yet there is also place for the song of all the people. No church music has reached its ideal if that be neglected; for even on artistic grounds that means to sacrifice the effect of background and of foundation, without which the more delicate work of the choir will lack relief and substance. Bach and Mendelssohn recognized this in those oratorios which are essentially religious. And it is for us to elevate this essential branch of church music by aiming at true musical education of our children. It should accompany, if not precede, the alphabet. Then we might well restrict the choir in narrower limits, since the congregation could be a choir itself, harmonizing the strains of heartfelt hymns in melody ascending to the throne of God.

And one more argument for the separated choir is that it recognizes the place of woman as an active minister in the service of God. Not merely on artistic grounds, not merely because the boy can seldom, if ever, realize the emotion or possess the requisite skill, but because the admission into our chancels of God's daughters witnesses to their right to devote their gifts to Him, their right to aid in public worship, their sphere, which can be sanctified into a fit preparation for that other choir where the new song shall be sung before the Lamb of God.

Let us not fear criticism or derision, while we cultivate this gift of God, and endeavor that the offering we make shall be the richest that our powers can offer. But guard against any separation of the artistic from the devotional. For the penalty is certain and disastrous. It was upon his knees that Bach sought inspiration for his great works; and he prayed by the side of his organ stool before he performed his mighty fugues. It was in tears that Mozart composed his *Requiem*, and God was very near him, as he caught the inspiration of more than human strains. As an infinite gulf separates the sermon which is mere exercise in rhetoric from the heartfelt exhortation; so if you sing from lips only, or for admiration only, or even artistic temperament only, it is but an inferior standard that ever can be yours. Make melody in your hearts unto God; and then He

who bestows His perfect gifts, shall give you strength more than your own, and a power that shall enter and subdue our hearts.

And if that be true for the choir, how much more for the congregation? If you demand a greater scope for this element, see that it comes forth from your very heart of hearts. We cannot always enter into every thought and aspiration of a hymn; but we can feel what we sing. How terrible a mockery if we have neither the attraction of art nor the plea of religion; if we sing neither with understanding nor devotion, a mere recital of words we do not trouble to understand, to notes that awake no answering emotion. But it is not so with us; indeed, that would be a disastrous state where the hymn was an artificial proceeding, where no sense of devotion followed such lines as:

> "Teach me to live that I may dread
> The grave as little as my bed;
> Teach me to die, that so I may
> Rise glorious at that awful day."

In our plans of reunion there are many difficulties yet, and many battles to fight. But surely there is encouragement when we remember that if teachings differ, and liturgical theories, so many strains of solemn praise are common to all worshippers. There high churchman and low churchman agree, Calvinist and Arminian, even to some extent, Rome and the

Reformation. Examine the hymn-books. There was never a narrower Calvinist than Toplady, yet show me the hymn-book, which does not contain, which would dare to exclude "Rock of ages, cleft for me;" Keble, even in these latter days, would be deemed an advanced High Churchman, yet show me the collection which has not the magnificent "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear." Perhaps we might say that their authors were lifted out of themselves, as they wrote those almost inspired strains, above themselves, into a purer atmosphere, a deeper sphere of conception and faith.

Yes, it is a good gift, a perfect boon for which we praise God. Received from Him in His mercy, the gift of utterance and the gift of harmony, we lay them this day at His footstool. "*All things come of Thee* (so teaches the Old Testament, as the New), *and of Thine own have have we given Thee.*" Our feeble efforts will be accepted by God. He will strengthen us, and prepare us for the great scene of praise and harmony, when we shall join in the music of the songs of heaven, with angels and archangels, saints and martyrs, and every creature in heaven and earth and sea, singing: "Unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb, be blessing and honor and glory, and dominion, for ever and ever."

THE LOST LEADER.

A sermon preached at St. John's Church, on September 7th, 1890, after the decease of Cardinal Newman.

"And the king said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—2 SAMUEL iii. 38.

ONE by one the great men who have illustrated the nineteenth century are passing away, and soon that century, with all its achievements and failures, will be the historian's material. One poet and one statesman alone remain of the great names which made history before some of us were born, and soon the Laureate of England will have joined the singers who have gone before, will rest with Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth. And in another field of thought and labour, here also the great ones are gone before. Of the leaders of the Evangelical school, the men who had shared in the great revival of the last century, few lived into the next age. Newton and Cecil hardly saw the dawn of the new century. Wilberforce, the champion of liberty and piety; Hannah More, teacher and example of Christian simplicity; Henry Venn, third in generation of an

honored family,—these survived to witness the painful reaction towards worldliness and spiritual deadness, and to realize the new forces which from different sides of the field, endeavoured to fight the battle of truth. But even these later champions of the new causes have in their turn passed away. Whately's sterling sense, Arnold's catholic spirit, Thirwall's philosophic insight, Kingsley's burning sympathy for suffering and indignation against wrong, and Maurice, to so many the prophet of his age, all these have passed away and left the speaking witness of their words and works. And in that other camp, so different in claims and conclusions, so powerful for good or for evil in our century, the great ones are also at rest. Keble, the sweet singer of the Church, is joined to the choirs invisible; and his friend Pusey, after a life of controversy, leaving behind the censures of opponents and the enthusiastic praise of partisans, has entered into peace.

Last of all there has passed away in these days one who was endued with many talents, talents in their combined scope perhaps unequalled, blessed with that supreme magnetism of character which forces admiration from foes, and love—almost adoration—from friends, and yet one whose career, viewed now as a whole, leaves on the mind an impression of splendid failure, of solutions sought with every sacrifice and never found, of a personality which con-

quered as with a magician's charm, but which has spoken no message that could teach the world, and has left no example to give it strength.

Although the life of Cardinal Newman has but lately closed, we are in a better position to judge it than in the case of many men long after death. For nearly a generation he had passed from the scene of active affairs, and of the early period, when his name was on every lip and his career seemingly the very crisis of English Church history; of this epoch we have almost a literature at hand, and above all, the autobiography of the central figure himself.

When John Henry Newman came into the world, wars and rumours of wars overpowered every other cause and claim. Religious questions seemed cast into the background. The old antagonism of the parties in the Church had calmed. If any theological influence can be said to have been then effective, it was that of the Evangelical revival, still claiming some of its famous representatives and still speaking forth its great message with something of the old fervour and faith.

But the gradual departure of great leaders of thought, and the weakening of definite opinion, led too surely to the preference of supposed "safeness," and a moderation which was the result rather of mental limitation than of the heart's expansion. Newman did not overstate the

case when, in a famous passage in his later writings, he declared: "A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions, which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms, who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfuly as to do without fulcrum or beam, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself againgst being supposed to exclude the contradictory—this is your safe man and the hope of the Church, this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No."

But there were still in the world those who feared not the alternative of Aye and No, and it is significant that, of these, it was Thomas Scott, the once famous commentator, of whom the future Cardinal declares that "to him I almost owe my soul." The boy was deeply influenced by Scott's resolute unworldliness, and by the "minutely practical character of his writings." His was a receptive mind, for we find him eagerly drawn, when a student at Oxford, to the teaching and personality of Richard Whately, and yet full of veneration for the almost opposite character of Keble. The one acute, logical almost to hardness, using irony in support of faith, and as much offending as pleasing by his humor; the other gentle, retiring,

preferring the holy satisfaction of his pastoral life in the country to all that the university could bestow in honor and emolument, loved by the most opposite minds, respected by all, and yet from his lips was to proceed the first cry of the new party.

It was a time in the history of religion that a new movement was unavoidable, was necessary. Anything is better than stagnation, for stagnation in religion means death. Anything is better—better even the Crusades, or the wandering Flagellants, or the barefooted friars, or the eccentricities of Shakers and Ranters, than the reign of time-servers and hypocrites, of supposed "safe men" who ever fight with the bigger battalions, who never espouse an unpopular cause, nor aspire to that special blessing which belongs to those persecuted for righteousness' sake.

It was a time when neglect in the outward decency of divine service had reached a degree incredible and disgraceful, when pluralities were common, when absentee rectors lived in ease in Italy and delegated to starving curates the souls of thousands; when Bishops were appointed by the Prime Minister as a reward for political zeal, and the Church seemed to be the herald of comfortable doctrine, and to furnish a passport to a rich man's heaven. The Evangelical School had witnessed against these evils boldly and unceasingly, and had in many respects mitigated them;

but their efforts concentrated upon the work of saving souls, had almost disregarded the comparatively less important matters So when at the memorable Conference at Hadleigh in 1833, Hugh James Rose, Keble, Newman, Froude and Percival met to discuss the needs of the times and the action to be taken, they had a field and a work before them which might well have enlisted the combined enthusiasm of the whole Church. Unhappily, it was a party and not the whole Church that undertook the work, and of that party Newman was soon the recognized and absolute chief. He had passed already through many phases of opinion. He had left behind the first evangelical influences of Romaine and Scott; he had passed beyond the sober and old-fashioned churchmanship of Hawkins, the great Provost of Oriel. There was no one to whom he could look as a leader, all who inclined to the side of political liberty were his abhorrence, and yet he was to be the revolutionist of his Church. Never was man so much in need of tolerance, and yet so devoid of possessing the quality. In one of his first sermons he said: "It would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present. In the first page of the first "Tract for the Times" he declared that he "could not wish for the bishops a more blessed termination of their course than the spoiling of their goods

and martrydom." Not even Torquemada could have improved upon another statement, that the "Heresiarch should meet with no mercy . . . to spare him—a false and dangerous pity," and these views were expressed with a vigour that alienated friends as much as it inflamed adversaries.

Hurrell Froude, one of the leading spirits of the movement, denounced the Reformers of the sixteenth century as miscreants. The whole Reformation had been a fractured limb so badly set that it needed to be broken again. There was no conscious approximation to Rome as yet. Newman himself still believed the Pope to be anti-Christ, and wrote and spoke bitterly of Rome for many years; indeed, nearly till the great surrender itself. So little do we know our future.

But for a time, it seemed that a halting place and firm ground was reached. It seemed that the Church of England could be proclaimed the *via media*, removed by impassable chasm from Rome and Protestantism. There had been bishops of the Church, like Andrewes and Laud, who had believed this possible and logical. It needed only some industry and much boldness. It needed only to ignore the history of the Reformation and the writings of the Reformers. It needed only to construct a patchwork theology, composed of this fragment from the homilies, and that from the Prayer Book, ignoring

all that went before and beside and after; it needed only to select from illustrious writers passages which agreed, and to omit the context. And so, Newman, when at this stage of development, could claim (as he says) "with Bramhall, the right of holding a comprecation with the saints; and the mass, all but transubstantiation, with Andrewes, or with Hammond, that a general council, truly such, never did or shall err in a matter of faith; or, with Thorndike, that penance is a propitiation for post-baptismal sin." That is, that the *obiter dicta* of these writers, speaking without any other than personal authority, could override the direct teaching of the Articles and Prayer Book, the clear-voiced custom of three centuries of Anglican practice, and could furnish a satisfactory groundwork for reasonable men. That it was not sufficient, even for its upholders, the issue of the Tracts proclaimed. The earlier numbers of this famous publication excited little suspicion, for nothing was asserted beyond what the Prayer Book, especially the Catechism and Ordination services of our Church, maintained, nothing contrary to the Articles. Bishops rejoiced over the proclamation of an apostolic succession, and the representatives of the old High Church party applauded the attacks upon evangelical views which they had vainly discouraged.

In vain Evangelicals raised a warning cry that this new "middle way" was only the way to

Rome. But in the beginning of the year 1836 the theories of the new school found expression in practice and opportunity of testing their strength. The strenuous, though futile, attempt to convict Dr. Hampden of heresy, and later to hinder his appointment to a bishopric, showed the extent of the movement and its acquired force.

Arnold came into the lists with his famous essay on the "Oxford Malignants," comparing the Tractarians to the Judaizing opponents of St. Paul. But the Tracts continued. From the 71st, came selections from the Fathers concerning Baptismal Regeneration and the Apostolical Succession, while the preface to the "Library of the Fathers" declared that although the Old and New Testaments are the source of doctrine, the Catholic Fathers are the channel through which that doctrine comes to us. The 75th Tract recommended the partial use of the Roman Breviary as full of devotional value. Still more significant was the utterance of Tract 80, where the practice of Reserve in communicating religious truth was inculcated. Keble, in the 89th, advocated the mystical interpretation of Scripture favoured by the Fathers. But still there was one obstacle in the path hard to remove.

At that time not only ordained ministers, but graduates of our universities were expected to sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of

England, and to express "assent and consent" to all the teachings contained in them. Notwithstanding the most cynical hint expressed in the Declaration appended in the days of Laud, that only the grammatical and literal sense, not the intended force and scope were to be regarded, no conscientious mind but realized that here a mighty barrier was reared right across the way to Rome, that here opinions were expressed, some indeed (as in the 17th Article on Predestination) very guardedly, and admitting of more than one explanation; but elsewhere, and everywhere concerning Roman errors, as clear, palpable and unmistakable, as the rugged English of a plain-spoken age could make it. Against that barrier it needed, indeed, a mighty effort. Newman himself might have shrunk from the task. But in February, 1841, came forth the famous Tract XC, and the astonished Church of England learned that this supposed Protestant bulwark was worse than useless. It admitted every one of the tenets it was supposed to exclude.

It was not known indeed then, as we now know from the "*Apologia*," that at the time of publication of Tract XC, Newman was not confident about his permanent adhesion to the Anglican creed. But even while appalled by the supremely ingenious dialectic which explained away each difficulty, the common honesty and common sense of England rose indignantly in protest. In our Mother Country, as

in the daughter nations, we know that a minority always has sympathy and fair play. Had the Tractarians boldly protested against the Articles, had they dared the law as their descendants in our times have done, the wider public would have looked on with an amused surprise, not unmixed with a sort of sympathy. Or had they pleaded the wide area of a national Church, and conceded the liberty on other sides which they claimed on their own, the noblest minds would have enlisted on their behalf, or at least would have pleaded for their immunity.

But the Tractarians, as well as their successors, have always claimed the inquisitor's rights as well as the martyr's glory. Men who could only justify their position in the Church by expedients like the logic of Tract XC, were ever the first to persecute and the last to be silent.

But their great disaster was at hand. Their leader, he who had just given them a sure title deed, as they claimed, in the Protestant Church; he who had proved that when the Articles declared that a general council may err, that meant that, if rightly summoned, it was infallible; that an Article, which declared the "sacrifices of masses to be blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," clearly admitted the Mass, and the doctrine of sacrifice; that the Article which declared the Invocation of Saints to be a "fond thing vainly invented," only deprecated its

excess; he, himself, the contriver of this proof, he, the champion of the party, was already doubtful, already was abandoning his theory of a *via media*, already had meditated the possibility of his future step.

Some have urged that a kinder and wiser policy on the part of the rulers of the Church might have averted the crisis and saved Newman from his course. Even if this be true, as it is possible of the minor lights of the Tractarian movement, it could not have availed for him. Like Turnus, in his last combat, it was not the lethal weapon of the adversary, but the evil destiny in the air. And as it was neither cowardice, nor rankling spite at supposed injustice, nor disappointed ambition that prompted his departure, neither was it any mere superficial attraction in the church he joined. It was no attachment to mere outward ritual, for at that time questions of ornament were hardly debated in the controversy, and later Newman himself, in his trenchant phrase, disavowed the slightest attraction for what he styled the "gilt gingerbread of ritualism." No, there were deeper causes at work, it was the great primordial question which lies at the root of all religion, after we have assured ourselves of God and Heaven, authority or private judgment.

All the previous labours of the Tractarians had been the efforts of private judgment to construct a seeming external authority which might

enable them to repudiate the real external claims of the law regulating an established church. Only Rome could offer a refuge for a mind which sought to abandon its birthright of private judgment and seek the anodyne of external infallibility. And so he went to Rome.

Not here shall one word of controversy be uttered against the communion that gained then a mind so richly gifted. Macaulay was a Protestant to the backbone, but his honest historical insight taught him how great a fact is the Church of Rome, how deeply its roots are yet fixed in the instincts, needs, and aspirations of a vast portion of the human race. Whatever we hope and strive for, the weapons of our warfare shall not be the empty clangour of abuse. Is it not a fact for us Canadians to ponder on, that the power of Rome seems to increase its sway in the new world, even though losing it in the old? Is there not something which extorts a silent tribute, as we see the poor in their thousands hearing in those temples an obscured and fettered gospel, but still at times the name of Jesus Christ?

Or when we have visited Italy and stand at the threshold of that mighty fane, the triumph of Michael Angelo and Bramante, where the spectator sees his fellow-man dwindled to a speck in the distance, and above him, around the dome, the great inscription *Tu es Petrus*, words so often quoted at Rome, so little understood.

Who has not fallen under the spell? But Rome is more than this.

There are some rivers taking their source amid the ineffable purity of Alpine snows, fertilizing and helping for navigation vast tracts of country, but at last gaining no fresh tributaries, and losing their volume and force in branches, they end in muddy flats and fœtid marshes. So the Church of Rome, sprung from divinest origin, its history the most enthralling, its catalogue of saints and martyrs innumerable, its civilizing work in the Middle Ages an immortal title to the world's gratitude, but now decaying, having lost the weight and power of Germanic thought, having almost lost the keen instincts and energies of the Latin races, having lost at last the old confidence of Baronius and Bellarmine, having abandoned the appeal to history, all her greatest men lost—Döllinger exiled before he died, Strossmayer silenced or gazed at askance with veiled suspicion, left in Rome, at least, to intriguers and obscurantists; a Pope liberal and enlightened, forced into compliance by his *camarilla* with precedents which he must despise. And there lived Newman for nearly fifty years.

What is the achievement of that period? What but the labored retractation of all that had gone before. When one thinks of the splendid genius, one asks what might it not have performed? "*Sed Dis aliter visum.*"

He published a "Grammar of Assent," which it has been recently said "furnishes an apparatus for quieting your belief of things of which there is not sufficient evidence, and of the truth of which you do not at heart feel assured." Once, and only once, he stirred the sympathies of the world in repelling the unwise and uncharitable taunt which Kingsley, in an unhappy moment, cast upon his character. The taunt was, perhaps, not unjustified, but the world rightly felt that it was not "meet to be set down."

The "*Apologia*" is not only an English classic, but a treatise of human psychology most wonderful, most true, and he who reads it will realize what a heart was buried in the Oratory at Edgbaston, and how much love is breathed in those last words of dedication to the friends of time present and time past, "those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief, and all those others of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past, and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed." And shall we not, Protestants as we are, join in the final words, including himself, in our orisons? "And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who were once so united,

and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the power of the Divine will, into one fold and under one Shepherd."

Yes, we echo this prayer, each Sunday we pray God for "all who profess and call themselves Christians," and surely our prayer goes out in sincerity to the throne of grace. Outside our churches, outside the limits of our communion, even while recognizing vital difference and plainly denouncing erroneous teaching, yet our faith cannot exclude love, yes, love unreciprocated and unanswered. The Church of Cassander and of Carlo Borromeo, and Pascal, and Fenelon, and Father Matthew shall have our prayers. For that "kindly light," which hovered before Newman's gaze, and which he ever sought, if in most wandering path, that has led him now

> "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
> The night is gone,
> And with the morn those angel faces smile,
> Which he had loved long since and lost awhile."

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Preached at St. John's Church, on Sunday, September 6th, 1890.

"As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—
1 Samuel i. 28.

Every great period and movement in history is summed up by a character which combines and illustrates its best qualities; decay may be apparent, but that only makes the contrast more conspicuous. The age of chivalry ends with Bayard, the knight "without fear and without reproach," when Cervantes was soon to take pen in hand to write its satiric epitaph. And so, passing to a greater instance, we may say that the period of theocracy in Israel is summed up in its last great champion, Samuel. That direct rule of God over His people has never indeed become a realized ideal. In its essence, utterly removed from a priestly or clerical government, it finds its true definition and motto in the exclamation of Moses, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His spirit upon them!" Moses was, indeed, their leader and governor, Joshua their general, Gideon and

Samson their heroes, Samuel their prophet and judge; but never do we find the tendencies of personal ambition and secularizing force which so soon dragged down the primitive Church from its first spiritual liberty. It is a nation inspired directly by God that He desired, in which each individual should be in personal as well as federal relation to Himself. Samuel represents this ideal. From the first, not merely in obedience to the Levitical law, but by the free outpouring of gratitude, he is "lent," or granted, to Jehovah. The firstborn, as such, might be redeemed from the responsibilities of the vow, but no such compromise entered into Hannah's thoughts. Lent to the Lord from the first, educated in the very tabernacle itself, familiarized with all the devout usages and solemn observances of the holy place, sitting at the feet of priests, like a greater successor, "he did minister before the Lord, being a child."

And then there came to him that supreme vision and voice, without which the tabernacle and ark would have been meaningless symbols, and the priesthood a worthless calling. Samuel received divine ordination into the true "succession" of prophets in the church on earth. "And all Israel from Dan even to Beer-sheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord." It is no mere historical picture that this bring before us. It is the eternal truth, the permanent teaching of Old and New Testament,

there in shadowed symbol, here in all the brightness of the day, that God demands of us nothing less than original, constant consecration to His name and His service. Of one and all it must be said: "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

The topic that our text suggests is very near us at this time, and cannot fail to be in our minds. A few days ago we witnessed in this building a gathering which no man can behold unmoved, a vast congregation of children, raising to God their joyful song in the old chorale:

> "Now thank we all our God,
> With hearts and hands and voices."

We listened to that heart-stirring appeal, spoken from this pulpit, giving forth that "definite teaching" about which there is nowadays so much talk, and so little practice—teaching that, first of all, God must give to all of us a new heart. I could wish that it had been possible to bring into nearer juxtaposition that most impressive service, and the important meeting of Sunday-school teachers to be held in our city during the present week. The one would have been the fit introduction to the other. But it is the teaching, not only of those hundreds who worshipped here last Thursday, but of the thousands in our province, that will now be the question. No more momentous occasion, no topic more vitally important, can be conceived. It is

not an affair of mere church organization, it is not an academical symposium upon methods and appliances—it is the greatest question in the world—Shall our children be lent unto the Lord? This is a question, concerning which those who speak should do so in fear and trembling. "Who is sufficient for these things?" What teacher in our Sunday schools, really competent for his work, but returns each Sunday with some new lesson learned, or it may be, a sad sense of incomplete aspiration and unsatisfied effort?

Self-complacence is confessed incompetence; and, indeed, we may apply St. Paul's words here: "If any man thinketh that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." For the concurrent possession of the three indispensable gifts: The love for souls, the knowledge of God's truth, and the power of communicating it to the young, is so rare. Of the two first requisites I will not speak now. We know that they constitute the foundation of all work. But we know also that God's grace helps on the weakest efforts for His glory; that the simplest truths, felt as well as known, are mighty; and that love, that "charity which never faileth," can surmount weakness and obstinacy and indifference. These are God's gifts; but God also consecrates the use of human effort, of human skill and science. And teaching is a science, to which man and woman must

devote themselves earnestly and solemnly. But there is this especial difficulty and danger about it, that in none other are ignorance and failure so easily disguised and concealed, even from one's own consciousness. There are teachers who will deliver the most eloquent orations upon the blunders which (unknown to themselves) they habitually commit, or the principles which they constantly transgress. Surely any congress should open its deliberations by the words of our general confession: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." And in that confession the best, the most experienced, will join. It is so hard to maintain the electrical connection of continuous interest; it is so rare that we can do equal justice to the keener and to the less gifted pupils, to the diligent and to the slothful. And that is why so often the best qualified shrink back from the pressure of first failures. They deem that to be want of aptitude which is merely the want of experience. Heaven-born teachers have been few indeed—perhaps, unlike the poets, they are made and not born. Even an Ascham, a Pestalozzi, or an Arnold could look back to a vista of first failures from the altitude of later success.

Work on, then; fight against each special weakness; learn to read the open page of human nature, the child's soul disclosed almost

in the face; learn the words which they know in the senses which they use; learn the modes of illustration which they can grasp, and the narrow limits of abstract thought to which they can attain. And let this be our watchword, brother and sister teachers, this our golden text: "I count not myself yet to have apprehended . . . . but I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ." But what shall we teach? That should not be hard to decide, and yet what conflicting voices greet our ears, and what varied methods are submitted to our choice. "Teach church doctrine," say so many. "Give them definite teaching." Most heartily we will echo these appeals. With God's help we will be definite in our teaching; we will give our children that church doctrine which is defined by the Sixth Article to be contained, read, and proved in the Holy Scriptures alone. But God save them from Shibboleths, of whatever party, whatever color—God save them from mere dry formulas, fixed in the memory at best, conveying no life and producing no fruit. The Church's highest claim, we know, is to be the "witness and keeper of Holy Writ" (Article xx.) She bids the sponsors at infant baptism take care that their charges shall "hear sermons." There is one sermon which stands before all others, the Sermon on the Mount. The preacher was Jesus Christ; the congregation is the world and all its inhabitants unto the last day. Can

we be in doubt which first to teach—the abstract doctrines of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, or the divine commands of the Sermon on the Mount? Look at the example of God's own method both under the old and new covenant. First, the simple teaching by precept, then the revelation of principles by the prophets. Jesus reveals the higher law of love. St. Paul is permitted and inspired to proclaim the justifying force of faith—though "greater than this is love." We have to bring our little ones to Jesus first, and then we can teach them theological inferences about Him. We have to explain to them first the "great commandment" and the golden rule, and afterwards we can tell what we know about the procession of the Holy Spirit, and the resurrection of the body. Above all let us strive to make them Christian, children of God, and not slaves of party. Let us bring them up, whether we are parents or teachers, in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Let us remember and practise the old bidding of Solomon: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." We thank God then, for the coming congress of Sunday-school teachers, and we implore God's blessing on their deliberations. Our Church of England, with all her wealth of historic glory, stands to a certain extent now on her trial. The old limits are being seriously strained, the precedents of three centuries are openly and with

impunity disregarded. Where lies the fault? To what fatal principles, to what ill-starred leaders, should we direct the indignant appeal of the Roman Emperor: "Varus, Varus, give back the legions!" But not to recrimination, not to useless moanings over the irreparable past, shall we devote our energies. "Forgetting the things which are behind, we stretch forward to the things which are before." We have work enough before us, dangers enough to be encountered, hope enough for our encouragement. And that hope is in the dedication of our children to God. Vain will be the prosperity of churches, if our pews contain mechanical worshippers and secular minds. Vain the hope of the future, if the solid virtues of the fathers are to give place to flippant mediocrity and pretentious ignorance; if the old vigorous faith, with all its limitations and its bigotries, shall be succeeded by an era of credulous scepticism, bred of half-educated minds and undisciplined souls, never turned to God, never amenable to the counsel of superior age and superior station, tending only to the sad descent, so easy, so disastrous:

> "Smooth is the downward path that leads to hell;
> The infernal gates stand open night and day;
> But upward to attempt the steep ascent,
> This—this is pain and labor."

My brethren, the appeal to parents, the counsels to teachers, which so lately were uttered

from this place, were surely not uttered in vain. Those faithful, burning words will not be forgotten. The future of the Church—indeed we might say, the future of the nation itself—depends on their efforts, upon their determination to give the children to the Lord. He will receive the gift. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God," repeats that invitation, repeats that declaration, from the throne of His ascension. For those whom He receives He guards forever. The Good Shepherd will never forsake His sheep. If they stray, He will seek them out; if they faint, He bears them in His arms. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand."

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Preached at St. Luke's Church, St. John, N.B., on the occasion of its re-opening after restoration, Sept. 21st, 1890.

"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. xcvi. 9.

I DO not propose to dwell upon the textual questions concerned in the exact interpretation of the last words of this verse. The words are found, as you know, in several other places; twice in the Books of Chronicles, and twice in other Psalms, probably indicating a technical phrase. But whether that phrase should be rendered as the margin of our Revised Version suggests—"in holy array," that is, in reference to the priestly ritual of the Jewish service; or, as the margin of the Authorized Version gave it, "in the glorious sanctuary;" or finally, as the verdict of both revisions decided, in a more abstract and general sense, as "the beauty of holiness," these all coincide in one great principle, the authentic place of beauty in the worship of God.

The reading of the 96th Psalm can help us to realize the glories of the temple service. Whatever the date of the psalm, it is pregnant with

all the vital questions and ardent enthusiasms of the Jewish race. We seem to see the vast assemblage thronging the outer courts and precincts of the temple. We hear the mighty chorus rising, re-echoing the appeal to "all the earth,"

"Sing unto the Lord, bless His name;
Shew forth His salvation from day to day:
Declare His glory among the nations,
His marvellous works among all the peoples.
For great is the Lord, and highly to be praised;
He is to be feared above all gods.
* * * * * *
Honour and majesty are before Him,
Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.
Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Bring an offering, and come into His courts.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:
Tremble before Him all the earth!"

Every aspect of the Hebrew character and religion is displayed in this magnificent psalm; and yet the divine inspiration pervading it makes it so superior to the mere local circumstances that each verse and each word can shape themselves upon the lips of Christian worshippers.

Not all precepts, indeed, of the Old Testament, not all rules of conduct, or modes of service are binding upon the Christian Church. Our Seventh Article reminds us of the important distinction, in this respect, between the

moral and ceremonial legislation; and our reason would convince us that much, very much, of that service, not only details but principles, were once and forever abolished when the perfect High Priest had accomplished the one sacrifice for the whole world. Some have believed that the element of beauty so indissolubly connected with Old Testament worship, in spite of all the sombre terrors of dying animals, and smoking sacrifices, was abrogated with them. Some have understood such passages as the great utterance of Jesus to the woman of Samaria, as definitely confirming this opinion; as visiting with an equal disapproval the worship of the temple and the mountain, and holding up as the ideal a system in which the mind unaided by any adjunct of praise, or rather avoiding every sign of joy and reverence, communes in solitude or silent assemblage with the Unseen Creator.

It is true that when we turn to the New Testament, we find few references to this aspect of worship. It might seem as if the melody of Scripture was transposed into the minor, as if all or at least some of the energy and joyousness and life of religion had passed away. No word equivalent to "beauty" is found except in the terrible description of the Pharisees as whited sepulchres, appearing beautiful outwardly, but inwardly full of uncleanness. Alone, as an exception, might be deemed that earnest

exhortation of St. Paul to take account of "whatsoever things are lovely."

But we are not to conclude that beauty, in whatever way created or embodied, is disowned and repudiated by the Christian scheme. We are not to conclude that all religions are becoming more corrupt, more distant from God and light, because all churches, however divided in creed or practice, are united in a stronger effort to bring aspects of beauty and comeliness into the worship of God. We are not reverting towards heathenism in proportion as we make the dark places of the world more bright and beautiful, the models of perfection more accessible, the strains of highest music more familiar.

Why, then, were all these features conspicuously absent in the records of the Christian Church? It was a time of mourning. Just as in a house recently bereaved of some beloved inmate, no object of beauty can give pleasure; no music can charm, save the strains of some old familiar hymn; no picture attract, save the portrait of the lost one. And so with the Church. It was not only the pressure of persecution; it was not only the natural repulsion from any attribute, any seeming participation with heathenism, it was the mourning for the lost Jesus; it was their slow perception of the truth that the work of the Christian Church was to enter, to conquer, and to Christianize the world. They did not remember "that all things

were lawful," nothing unclean of itself. And history has repeated itself in later ages.

After the tragedies of the Reformation came the time of moral tension, the revulsion of all things seemingly of the world. It is not with a sneer that we should study history, and judge the annals of the past. Puritanism was a necessary phase of national life, a noble protest; but was not a final verdict, it was not the full voice of Christianity. And so it will ever be, as the world progresses in its cyclic development. It forgets for a time that while "all things are lawful," we are not to be "brought under the power of any." And so it gives itself up to mere enjoyment, like a truant child deserting its lessons for a perpetual playtime. And then must follow stern periods of repentance, when things of joy and beauty must be laid aside. And then man speaks despitefully of genius, when he should rather condemn his own weakness, his own folly, not knowing how to use the gifts of God.

But not from the changing verdicts of mankind, rather from the unchanging truth of God, we take our authority, from Him who "made everything beautiful in its time," from Him who bids us worship in the beauty of holiness. We vindicate the Reformation from the false charge that it denied the place of beauty in worship. Each great historical movement is to be judged by its nobler, not its baser aspects; by the

utterances of its greatest representatives, not by the frenzy of its fanatics or the ignorance of its inferior camp-followers. It is not therefore by the iconoclasm which disfigured English cathedrals that we judge the great Puritan movement. History records that page of spiritual life now dispassionately and faithfully. We see, we understand the necessary revulsion from a merely mechanical and external service; from abuses which a Bernard and a Peter Damiani had exposed and condemned centuries before. Times of strife cannot be times of soberly balanced thought; it is not then that the multitude can be stayed at the golden mean.

Nor is it then, alas, that spiritual rulers display always that foresight, catholic spirit, practical grasp of the situation, which might turn the new force into useful channels. The narrow bigotry of Whitgift and Bancroft, of Laud and Sheldon, not only drove from the Church those who would have been her most faithful and ardent sons, but intensified and exaggerated, by the natural result of persecution, the characteristics of the movement itself. But the greater Puritans, men like Andrew Marvell and Milton, outgrew the narrow limitations of their party. And when, in the next century, that which may be called a second and greater Puritan movement had reasserted the principles of Protestantism in a period of moral laxity; and when once more it seemed that narrow and one-sided con-

ceptions might banish the recognition of joy and beauty and dignity in the worship of God; then it was that the great Christian poet Wordsworth uttered his immortal plea, taking as his subject that same glorious House of God of which Milton had sung in strains even more celebrated, that chapel founded by Henry VI., "the royal and religious foundation," which lives in the memory of all those who have worshipped under its roof:

"Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
Albeit laboring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only, this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

That is the utterance of Protestantism rightly understood, and he who will judge the ultimate results of Puritanism, will find its partial views and imperfect conceptions gradually developing into full recognition of "reasonable service" and the "beauty of holiness."

And in the same way, surely, with equally dispassionate method, we should estimate the

character of the other and more modern movement in the opposite direction, which may seem to some of us to have become in its extremes the caricature rather than the culture of beauty in worship, and the hindrance rather than the help to any spiritual insight and development. But if we study the beginnings of the movement, at first an almost imperative reaction against slovenly and negligent worship, at a time when the evangelical revival of the former century had spent its force, we remember how young and ardent minds, eager for truth, and only needing wise guidance and gentle restraint, were harshly silenced, whether by incompetent bishops or the violence of mob law. Surely a a wise statesmanship might have changed the history of our times! A statesmanship which, in the former century, should have placed John Wesley on the throne of Canterbury, and Whitefield in the pulpit of St. Paul's, could have preserved to the Church of England, in the nineteenth century, many of her sons not less distinguished for mental and spiritual gifts. A treatment more kindly and more generous, could have found arguments better than lawsuit and imprisonment, to restrain breaches of ecclesiastical law, to secure cheerful obedience to episcopal mandates, and more consideration for the many who still preferred simpler forms of worship. And now that gentler counsels and practice have prevailed, we see that page of

modern church history which narrates the progress of so-called "Ritualism" in England already records what may prove to be its ending; since the noblest and ablest representatives of the party are withdrawing themselves from the petty strifes concerning dress and attitude, and in spite of the bitter attacks of their own colleagues, have devoted themselves to the serious and scientific study of Holy Scriptures, and have qualificd themselves, if not yet as teachers, yet as fit pupils of these masters in theology whose conclusions they accept, and by whose researches they profit.

Surely a true *via media* can be found between the two extremes, the Scylla and Charybdis of Puritanism and Ritualism. We can unite in our form of worship all joy and splendor and beauty, and yet preserve in our teaching the utmost fidelity to primitive and evangelical truth. But mere theorizing on such a subject avails little, whether the upholding of ideals or the recounting of past history. The possibility, and the inestimable value of this union must be experienced, and that experience is possessed, thank God, by many and many a congregation at the present day.

It is not for me to discuss the methods of service in the church where I have been called to speak this day. You yourselves, even when you had attained your absolute ideal, would not seek to stereotype it, or to impose it by authority

elsewhere, had you the power. You yourselves, I doubt not, rejoice, as I rejoice, that in this our city, every shade of opinion in matters ceremonial has its full and free expression in our churches, sanctioned by due authority, and by the free choice of individual congregations. May that consummation be attained throughout the length and breadth of the Church of England. But you may well rejoice, for yourselves, without thought of comparison or criticism outside, that your efforts to "worship God in the beauty of holiness" have been so zealous, and, I doubt not, so much blessed. You have not deemed your offerings wasted or misspent, in beautifying this building. You have not rejected the fullest aid of music, that noblest, divinest gift, which Christianity accepted as a heritage of Greek civilization, and laid before the sanctuary of God.

And this day you dedicate to His service another offering, those twofold memorials—pictures of Christ's life, which shall help the young to realize the story which this pulpit so often recounts to them, and memories of good and true men, servants of God in different fields of work, of whom, indeed, the wise king's word is fulfilled:

"The memory of the just is blessed."

Not, indeed, from our canonical Scriptures, but in one of those writings which stand just outside the frontier, and which the Church reads, "for

example of life and instruction of manners;" there are memorable words which this day may well recall to your minds:

> "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. . . . There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. . . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise."—(*Eccl.* xliv. 1, 8, 14.)

Better than conventional epitaphs, these memorials will recall their work and their example. The faithful ministers of Christ who, in this parish, preached His word and lived after His example, these being dead, will yet speak to you as you gaze on these memorials; the older among you will recall their living presence, and the younger will be stirred up to emulate their well-doing.

And so your worship in this house shall be blessed and accepted by God. Each time you enter these walls you will be aroused, not to feelings of mere satisfaction at work completed, but by a noble longing to persist in the "race that is set before us," and to attain to the incorruptible crown.

These words of Jesus above your Communion table will call you to participation in His greatest gift, that sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is not only a sign of our mutual love, but also the sacrament of our redemption by Christ's

death. And those other inspired words which stand over your entrance gates shall be winged words of strength and life, so that

"He may run that readeth it."

Yes, the Lord who shall be ever with His Church, even to the end of the world, in spite of all her divisions, her errors, her short-comings, her failures, shall fulfil His promise to us. His blessing shall enrich your worship, His grace attend your steps; and, whether in the act of worship, or in that labor which a noble saying of old declared to be itself a prayer, "He shall preserve your going out and your coming in, from this time forth for evermore."

PATIENCE.

Preached at St. John's Church on Sunday, November 16th, 1890.

"In your patience ye shall win your souls."
—Luke xxi. 19, R.V.

Why is it that so many human characters around us give to the observer a sense of incompleteness, of imperfect growth? Is it that they could not have developed moral faculties more fully, and so were destined forever to remain mere sketches of what human nature can be, sketches with blurred, suggested outlines, deficient in due light and shade, just sufficient for an artist to recall the scene which attracted him, and which he will commit with patient skill to his canvas? If we could convince such characters of imperfection, and ask them the reason, they would plead lack of opportunity: 'If I only had a part to play on the arena of the world, I could rise to great occasions.'

So the man who fails from lack of effort and tenacity in some small field of work, dreams that he could succeed in greater difficulty and on sublime occasions. He scorns to exercise the virtues of self-control, patience, resolution, in

the humble sphere, and fancies that he could command these qualities at an instant, could his ambitious imagination convert its day-dreams into reality. But man makes his own opportunities in proportion as he renders himself capable of them. The history of famous men, indeed, is full of these supposed "chances," eagerly grasped, and successfully used. But if we could read the biography of failure, as we read the biography of success, we should read of just as many openings overlooked or wasted.

The lives which seem so colourless and uninteresting, so tedious to the individual and his surroundings, so lacking in energy, so barren of usefulness and charm to others—these are the lives, the souls, which have not been *won*; these are the buried talents, these the untilled, uncleared lands which cannot bear fruit.

And it is not energy alone, a quality rather of temperament than mind, that can develop a character, can win our souls for us. As Jesus tells us, it is patience, and if patience were the one thing needful for the saints in the age of Christ's presence and pentecostal outpouring, how much more for these latter days?

It is said that the very highest test of military discipline and efficiency in battle is won when troops on the battle-field can remain exposed to fire, and yet not suffered to attack. They call on their officers to lead them to the charge, but the general knows the right occasion

for advance, he gives them all the cover that the situation can furnish, and he bids them be patient till the time comes for action.

The experience of active life is a great thing. It gathers for us not only the actual knowledge of affairs, but builds up a trained instinct of promptitude to seize hold of the occasion and profit by it. But not less, indeed, for the spiritual life, far greater is the gain of patience in the growth of character, since what we do is done in the grace of the Lord, but what we suffer is granted for the trial of our souls. For patience in the free agent is no mean and timid virtue. If it was said once that the "dignity of the slave is silence," when fear and prudence might act as incentives, surely it is much more the dignity of free men (who can complain and protest), if they wrap themselves in silence where speech cannot be an effective force.

We are ashamed of the cry of physical suffering, but that is not more a sign of weakness than the querulous complaint, of what? of some certain inexorable consequence of our own action, some harvest that our own imprudence has sown.

I know that this is hard to learn, harder to practise, far harder than to accept an abstract doctrine. When our life and future seems wrecked, when all the golden hopes we once entertained seemed dashed to the ground, and life seems a

future of dull suffering, worse than a prisoner's, because tantalized by the joys of others so near and yet so impossible to us, then it is hard to be patient, that is, it is hard to complete our characters, to "win the soul."

And yet that may be the supreme opportunity afforded to us. That may be the occasion, the only way of building up a true character, purified, strengthened, made receptive and tenacious of what is received. Then, when the atheist thinks of suicide as an escape from cares and pain; then, when the weak Christian exhales his sighs and moanings, and alienates perhaps the very friends who feel most deeply for his sorrow—then comes the Christian's great occasion; then the crown of victory, though not yet near, is seen in the far distance. It is not the stoic's mere sense of personal dignity and self-dependence, it is the sense of being Christ's follower, entering on the path of Christ, finding the fulfilment of His words, trusting in the certainty of His help.

And then the pain of our situation, the burthen of environment, the ties which only God can loose, and which may be so fraught with agony, these become the wholesome medicines of the Great Physician of souls. We become conscious that the pain is less, that the effort is no longer so exacting, and God knows that it is because our soul, our living personality, has gained in strength.

Then we know what religion means: not a mental exercise for Sunday, not an intellectual luxury for leisure, and the stock-in-trade of churches and ministers; but one of the very elements of human life, the breath without which the very soul is torpid, without which the spirit is dead.

Happy the man who lives to feel his need. Unhappy the man who, basking in all prosperity, never feels his need till he whispers, with failing faculties, a half mechanical assent to deathbed consolations.

Unhappy the soul which has always been full and satisfied, never has suffered contradiction, never has suffered wrong, which has developed itself just as circumstances helped, and has passed down the stream of life with favoring breezes, and the congratulations and envy of beholders.

I do not say that such a soul is lost; God forbid. But it is not fully gained, it is not fully possessed, in the sense of Christ's promise.

A character in a famous work of fiction is made to exclaim, "How easy to be good on ten thousand a year!" But Christ does not say this. He says it is difficult, though not impossible, for those who have enjoyed all eathly bliss to fit themselves for heaven.

But He knew, as indeed most of us know, that sorrow and the need for patience do not belong solely to the poor and destitute in this

world. He knew that pangs of suffering more than endurance can conceive, may be found in the palace as often as the cottage, that not only the lack of bread, but the lack of love and esteem and joy can poison the wellsprings of life; that among the wealthy and cultivated classes, they are the golden opportunities for self-knowledge, self-command, self-conquest, which shall win the soul.

In the end of his epistle to the Romans, St. Paul speaks of that "patience and comfort of the Scriptures," words embalmed in one of the most treasured prayers in our Liturgy. And then, inspired by the use of the Word, he gives utterance to a sublime benediction, "The God of patience and comfort grant you to be of the same mind one with another, according to Christ Jesus."

The God of patience! Surely a strange attribute for omnipotence. But no, God is our example even here. "Never hasting, never resting," goes on the course of Providence. And we, in our little world of life, can so follow in the steps of that patience that we shall find Him also the God of comfort.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

Preached at St. John's Church, on the 3rd Sunday in Advent, 1891.

(The fourth in a series of sermons on "The Duties of the Church.")

"But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned, and the sword come, and take any person from among them, . . . his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."

—Ezek. xxxiii. 6.

This evening we approach a question where serious objection may meet us at the very threshold. Can the Church of Christ, whether as the whole, in the ideal character, or in her different sections, claim to give counsel in social problems? And I take these words in their fullest and broadest signification. Excluding only the matters which belong to the mere machinery of politics—but including matters upon which the great issues of the world's welfare depend—the question is: Has the Church, not any one section or office in it, but the whole Church embodied in ministers and laity—as a Church—has it a right to an articulate voice of

counsel, and will that counsel be of benefit to the world at large?

At once the objection is obvious, founded on division of labour, upon the advantage of specialized skill. Should not the Church, as a Church, confine itself to the exposition and teaching of theology, and leave the world's problems to the world's solution, for better or for worse?

But there would be more force in that objection if it expressed a loyal and consistent practice. Do those who deny to the theologian a voice upon such a topic as labour disputes, for instance, do they refrain from confident opinion upon theological topics? Everyone knows that those who utter the most trenchant criticisms upon theology, the pronounced and loud-voiced party-men, are not the qualified students, are not the experts trained by long and laborious discipline, but either speak from the blissful unconsciousness of complete ignorance, or else exemplify strikingly in their own persons the proverbial danger of a little knowledge. Specialization implies the skill of the expert, and that does not always follow the barriers of a profession.

There have been laymen whose opinion upon vexed questions of theology was more authoritative than that of bishops. Selden, in the seventeenth century, although a layman, was in learning far above the divines whether of his own church or of the Westminster Assembly; Grotius

as a commentator surpassed all his clerical contemporaries. More recently, when (some years ago) the difficult question of the permissibility of divorce was under discussion, it was from a layman, Professor Conington of Oxford, that emanated the decisive judgment which ended argument, if not controversy.

And an equal number of important exceptions might be named, showing that among the clergy have been found experts in subjects not theological.

I do not turn my back to remoter periods when education was almost monopolized by the clergy. In modern days we find cases more numerous than time would allow to name. Butler and Mansel are not less renowned as metaphysicians, or Sedgwick and Buckland as pioneers in the study of geology, or Malthus as the enunciator and expositor of a profound law of sociology, or Pritchard and Father Secchi as astronomers, or Bishop Stubbs as the first living authority on English constitutional history —because they were by profession ministers of religion.

And when the questions at issue contain aspects of morality, (and what social problem excludes them ?) then surely the watchman bears not his trumpet in vain, and woe be to him if it give forth an uncertain sound ! What, then, are some of the problems upon which the Church of Christ has not so much the claim only, but the

absolute duty, to utter counsel, without fear or favor?

The first of these, let us thank God, is no burning question on this continent. Whatever burthens may be submitted to, there are no vast armaments crushing the vital activities of our nation, crippling its finances, poisoning the well-springs of international brotherhood. But this terrible evil is the present plague of Europe. All the continental powers are (like the knights of the Middle Ages) in danger of suffocation from their own armour. All policy has to be directed with a view to military alliances, to the dreadful eventualities of a future war, which each year seems to render more certain and more formidable. Should not ministers of religion in Germany, in France, in Italy and Austria raise their indignant protest? It may be said that emperors and statesmen would pay but scanty heed to pulpit utterances, or even the protests of synods. Believe me, I do not exaggerate their effect. It may be nothing more than the dropping of water on the rock, but at last the rock is worn away. The protests of Wilberforce or Channing for long years seemed to avail little against the curse of English or American slavery; but their trumpets sounded not in vain. It was like the assault of Israel on the fortress of Jericho; the trumpet of warning and defiance sounded and again resounded. Six times the defenders listened and despised; and doubtless

the assailants were sad and weary and dispirited; but at the seventh sound the walls fell.

But turn to dangers and difficulties which immediately beset our western civilization, and indeed are the social epidemic of all civilization. I mean the jealousies and conflicts of labour and capital. Turn whither you will, there is war between man and man. Sometimes the victory inclines one way, sometimes the other. In the great colonies of Australia, rejoicing in their abundant strength and infinite resources, the representatives of labour hold majorities, and seem inclined to legislate for their sole interests regardless of the body politic. Elsewhere the reins of government are in the hands of the capitalist, and gigantic trade-combinations for a time are successful. "From whence come wars and fightings among you?" cried St. James—"ye covet and cannot obtain!" A voice has been lately uttered, the first official voice from a Christian church. I wish it had come from our own. As a Protestant minister, speaking in a Protestant church, I say, all honour to him who conceived the "Encyclical Letter on the Condition of Labour." It is true that with some things in that remarkable document we may not agree. The philosophical system of Thomas Aquinas (mighty name as that is in the history of thought), is not the weapon that can pierce the triple armor of self-interest; it will not stem the rushing torrent of modern party rivalry. It

might, perhaps, be said that the proposals are too general, and that there are not enough specific suggestions tangibly dealing with matters of immediate actuality. But a manifesto must state general principles, and lay down broad proportions. What maxim nobler than this: "It is one of the greatest blessings to be able to look at things as they are, and at the same time to look upwards for help from above to mend them." All honor, I say it again in the midst of vital difference, all honour to that body of fellow Christians which, through their official head, has sounded the trumpet of warning, has cried to the struggling and contending multitude: "Sirs, ye are brethren, but why do ye wrong one to another?" But if the claim of uttering counsel in a church's corporate capacity has yet to be vindicated by our own communion, we can justly boast that many individual teachers have spoken words of wisdom, based upon exact scientific knowledge, and conveying the most timely and helpful counsel to the needs of the present age. When James Fraser, the great bishop of Manchester, was called upon to act as arbitrator in the great cotton "strike," and his arbitration obtained acceptance for many years—this was not because he was a clergyman or a bishop, but because by unanimous consent of those hardheaded Lancashire mill owners and operatives, his position guaranteed his impartiality, and his reputation guaranteed his ability.

What is the root of the evil? This morning we learned it from the uncompromising pen of St. James: It is the longing of the present day to be rich at any cost, the cost of others' happiness, or the cost of one's own soul. The capitalist desires to increase his thousands or millions; the workingman, whose whole capital is his strong arm, desires to diminish his hours of labour and increase his wages. There are times of prosperity. England knew them about a generation ago, when all the commercial world was still at her feet, when her operatives could not suffice, nor her looms be worked rapidly enough for the overflowing demand. It was the dream of Pharaoh realized, and the lean years must follow, years of hard and eager competition, years of depression, years of misery, and worse—of class hatred and class conflict—the strike and the lock-out alternating, now the artizan triumphing, now forced to accept the masters' terms, but ever and ever increasing that terrible chasm of divided sympathy, divided interest, which left the two halves of the population enemies at heart, natural enemies as Englishmen and Frenchmen once supposed themselves, as Germans and Frenchmen seem to be at present—and this is in a Christian land, a land sending out its missionaries, a land where religion is established by law, a land which boasts the open Bible and its teachings as a national heritage.

You may, my brethren, though God forbid it, have seen more painful sights than what I vividly remember, many years ago, during a strike in a Lancashire town. The very contrast of silence and inaction, in a city meant for business, was appalling. Nothing to relieve the bleak dreariness of the surroundings: the tall chimneys smokeless; no busy hum from the factories. At the street corners groups of men, dispirited, aimless, hopeless; gaunt-eyed women passing with step so changed; and from the children even, all life and joy gone. One could not but respect those who battled for what they thought a principle, who showed fidelity—almost to the very jaws of starvation—to the leaders of the trades' union. Suffering was not all on one side; for a strike meant bankruptcy to many a cotton manufacturer. And yet—"the pity of it! oh, the pity of it!" The thought would rise up in one's heart: Is there not a prophet among us, will not God appoint a teacher who shall say with Paul, "Behold, I show you a more excellent way."

The present condition of things is a state of war: no other term can describe it. And not only war between capital and labour, but bitter though bloodless strife between countries which speak the same tongue and own the same ancestors. Some will tell us this is a part of Freedom, it is inevitable. But if it be a truth (which

is a truism) that "union is strength" everywhere else, why is it a fallacy here? If co-operation means mutual benefit in every other sphere of existence, why should not it be the solution here also? It will be said, "Oh, these experiments of co-operation and profit-sharing have been tried, and they have failed." Yes, here and there, on a small scale, they have been tried, and pressure from without, or apathy from within, has choked the seed before the harvest. But is that not the history of every great movement? Is it not the fact that these experiments have always been encouraged by the soundest economists, and the most experienced statesmen; that at the present time co-operative farms and co-operative factories are working and prospering; that it is no mere Utopia of the theorist, but a bright glimpse of hope which promises, not indeed a universal solution, but an important palliative of present evils?

And then there is another practical suggestion, not indeed novel, but which needs earnest recommendation at the present day. The Encyclical Letter from which I quoted, contains some excellent remarks on the subject of Workmen's Associations, as they once were, and as they still might be:

"History attests that excellent results were effected by the Artificers' Guilds of a former day. They were the means not only of many

advantages to the workman, but in no small degree to the advancement of art, as numerous monuments remain to prove." (E. L., page 31.)

Whether we trace the origin of trade guilds from the Rhodian *Eranoi*, or the Roman *Collegia*, or from Germanic assemblies, all students are agreed that they owed all their practical development to Christianity, for the "spirit of association received a mighty impulse, and the guilds spread themselves rapidly under the influence of Christian doctrine.'—"(L. Brentano, "History of Guilds," 1870.)

Students of earlier English history know how great a part is played by these guilds, in every phase of social and even of political life. It is not too much to say that to them England owed her supremacy in manufactures and skilled workmanship. Like all human institutions indeed, these also degenerated; the larger societies became wealthy and tyrannical, those that now survive contribute nothing to the activity of the nation, for they represent much wealth only, and not the original principle of labour. We do not expect the working man to neglect his personal profit, but we do want him (for his country's sake and his own) to take a pride in his work. He is hindered by the large demand for the cheaply pretentious rather than the solidly excellent article—but here the trades' union, if it rose to the highest conception of its

power, might effect much, even if it only impressed upon its members the dignity of labour and the superiority (from every true aspect) of the man who creates and makes to the man who can only consume.

I have indicated briefly some of the points upon which our churches have the claim and the duty to speak; but here once more it is obvious that only the undivided voice of a united Christianity could carry decisive weight in influencing the world. If only for that purpose alone our differences could be forgotten! For men would listen to that united voice. Not merely with conventional civility, but from conviction that these men speak that they do know. That voice would reach across the world. It would speak as no popular assembly can speak. No party spirit, no class interests, no personal bias, would influence its counsel.

Once, in a distant age, the voice of Christianity called upon the world to liberate the holy places of Palestine from Saracen rule. And when the first appeal was made at Clermont, in the year 1095, from the lips of the assembled multitude there burst forth the cry, "It is God's will!"

Better than a crusade for a romantic idea would be an effort for the elevation of humanity. Better than the extermination of Islam is the purification of Christianity. For our own holy

places are defiled if selfishness and class-hatred dominate among nations which invoke the name of Christ. Let that crusade be proclaimed, and there shall be no lack of warriors. Our war-cry shall be the same, "God wills it!" our banner shall be the same, the cross of Christ, and our triumph (if victory come not in our time) shall be this, that we have taught our fellow-man to love his neighbor for the sake of the love of God.

THE PEACEFUL END.

Preached at St. John's Church, on the 6th of January, 1892, at the funeral of the late Thomas Wilder Daniel, Churchwarden.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—Ps. xxxvii. 37.

FUNERAL sermons are burdened with unfortunate memories, not only in the past, but even in the present time. Whether we think of the rhetorical orations of antiquity, or of obsequious court-preachers in later days, uttering their flatteries over royal graves; or even, in our own time, of the usage in some places of making the death of every prominent church-member the topic of laudatory discourse, one is almost constrained to regard the custom as more honored in the breach than in the observance, "*Nil nisi bonum mortuis*"—that well-known saying, born of natural and kindly feeling. seems to be a barrier against truth, even in a place where truth above all things should be spoken.

The Bible records no eulogium upon departed saints. Jesus spoke at the grave of His

friend; but His text was "Lazarus, come forth!" Peter was called to the house of death, and he summoned Dorcas to arise. Of Stephen it is only said that "devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." A few brief words relate that James, the son of Zebedee, was slain with the sword. But are we to suppose that the departure of faithful disciples, whether after bitter trial, or in the calm maturity of life, elicted no spoken memorial, no testimony to example given, and to the evidence of faith unfeigned?

Brethren, we know that such utterance, the outpouring of mingled gratitude and grief, has ever been the custom of the Church, for it is the very instinct of our better nature. And now, when Christianity seems to stand upon her trial, when authority is called to proof, and the world demands the result of our labonr and the worth of our professions, then surely the evidential value of our personal character becomes of the highest importance.

For the evidences of Christianity are manifold, and now one feature or aspect, now another, needs illustration or defence. All are true, all are essential to the instructed Christian; but that which seemingly is least important may become, and at the present time does become, the most valuable. It may be said, and said rightly: Christianity is true, even though every professing Christian were unworthy of

his high profession. But how much better to be able to urge that Christianity is true because we can point to a type of character, more lofty, more consistent, more humble, more self-sacrificing, than any other system of philosophy of life has produced.

Outside our churches, outside the furthest frontier of Christianity, there may have been lives of beauty and self-sacrifice, lives which in some mysterious way the Holy Spirit may have guided, as some of the earlier fathers believed that the wisdom of Socrates and Plato had been partially inspired. But only there where practice harmonizes with theory, and life with faith; only there where the believer must work out his own salvation through a Deity which works in himself; only there where the believer ascribes all power to grace and all merit to an Atoning Sacrifice, where divinely appointed mysteries become realities through personal faith, and works of love flow instinctively from the bountiful source of a transformed nature—there is that *summum bonum* which alone conceives as her ideal, and which sometimes—alas, so seldom!—is manifested in human life. And when that character is found not cloistered and secluded, not even shielded by the privileges and preventive checks of the ministerial office, but living in the world, amid all its activities and all its temptations, yet unspotted, living the creed it professes,—shall we not bless God for

this greatest proof of His grace, shall we not treasure to our last days the priceless example?

Such an example we have had among us in one, who though dead, yet speaks to us, an example that shall live and shall bear fruit. There are others who, with better right, could speak of the life of our departed brother, and of its many-sided excellences; of the spotless integrity which gained his eminence in the commercial world; of the munificence of his generosity, whether in response to the cry of distress or to the need of religious and philanthropic effort; of the dignity with which trials were borne; of the forbearance towards those who injured; of the encouragement to the many whom he had helped to rise. But even to one who only knew him in these later years, and who now mourns the loss of the loving counsels of a fatherly friend, some aspects are vividly conspicuous, and these I commend to myself, brethren, and to you, for our imitation.

Firstly, his unity of character. There was no frontier of religious profession and worldly nature. He was totally unlike the many whose creed is mere Shibboleth, and their practice conventional propriety,—it was that "single eye" of which the Scripture speaks. If he spoke of religion, he spoke naturally; there was no altered tone, no parade of devotional phrase and gesture. One saw that it was an applied Christianity, a religion which circulated like life-blood through every portion of his mental and moral nature.

The second feature that one could not fail to note was the union of strength of principle with a perfect charity to others. And that union is so rare! Indeed, its very elements singly are rare; for the bigotry of inherited prejudice claims to be "principle," and careless indifference masquerades as "charity." But principles and charity were his possession—the principles tenaciously held, because rooted by experience in conviction,—the charity wide and deep, because learned of his Divine Master. Staunchly, strongly, he maintained those evangelical principles which were to him the essence of all creeds, and the precious inheritance of our Church, never abandoned or weakened without injury to the faith, and peril to the soul. Yet he was no narrow partisan. His soul was truly catholic. For him the church of Christ had many mansions and the flock had many folds. It was not made by statute, nor limited by vote of synod, or anathema of ancient council. Fully loyal to the formularies and teachings of his own communion, yet his Christian fellowship went forth like the great apostle, "to all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

And the last aspect of which I shall speak is one that rarely finds mention in connection with religion, and yet is its significant supplement. When a modern writer exclaimed that St. Paul was above all things a gentleman, he uttered

neither irreverence nor incongruity, but a profound truth which well needs to be taken to heart. That grand old English title of honor, which knows no superior indeed but sovereignty —that title which none can claim rightly who possesses but the veneer of social custom, manner and phrase, that which means the outward form of an inward nobility of soul—that title was his by right of every attribute. To him might well be applied the words of our great living poet:

> "Not being less, but more than all
> The gentleman he seemed to be;
> Best seemed the thing he was, and joined
> Each office of the social hour
> To noble manners, as the flower
> And native growth of noble mind."

It is a character such as this, a character which fulfils the precepts of the famous text, chosen as our Church's motto for this year, and inscribed around our walls, "Love the Brotherhood; fear God; Honour the King." For he loved the brotherhood of the Christian name, as he gave due esteem to all men; his fear of God was that of a loving child for its parent; his loyalty was the chivalrous attachment of one who never was stained by party strife nor the unscrupulous bitterness of conflict.

And now he is at rest; and which of ourselves, here assembled, but will say, "May my

soul be with his!" Not for him do we pray, for our Church knows nothing of such orisons, but prayer we utter fervently. We pray for those left behind, for one above all whose life suffers the irreparable void of bereaved companionship; we pray for a blessed reunion in due season, for ourselves also. And since this funeral service of our Church knows no gloom even in bodily death, but only the Resurrection and the Life, let our prayer end in praise and blessing to Him who gave and who has taken away:

"We bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate."

YOUTH AND DEATH.

A sermon preached at St. John's Church, on Sunday, January 11th, after the death of the Duke of Clarence.

"There is but a step between me and death."
1 Sam. xx. 3.

David's character has been a difficulty to many Christians in all times. It has been a stumbling-block to the weak, and a supposed occasion for the enemy. It presents to us the career of a strong, expansive nature, richly endowed in every respect, a man of genius (if ever that word possessed a true signification), and a man of action—two characters rarely united, and never in such superabundance. That nature is chosen by God, and the call is obeyed. Yet at times David falls back, and his fall means that he acts like an Oriental despot, which is the very opposite of the action of the servant of God. If there be difficulty—and that difficulty is chiefly in regard to David's later years—it is due to the fact that we are apt to measure the conditions of other people's lives by our own circumstances. But when we turn to David in his bright and glorious youth—pure, strong,

ardent, God-fearing—then we have an ideal character for every period of the world's history, for every rank of life.

Is there a more beautiful incident than the story of the friendship of Jonathan and David, a friendship which bridged over tribal jealousies, and the chasm which even in feudal days separated the monarch and the subject? Saul's unhappy nature has overcome his real nobility and his affection for the young Bethlehemite. David has fled for his life, and Jonathan comes out to meet him, and the two friends hold counsel together. David feels the full horror of his position. Saul's enmity is increased, rather than lessened, by his son's friendship. It is jealously redoubled; the jealousy of warlike success, and of personal attraction. And David said: "Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved; but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

He knew this, and the thought steeled his will, and strengthened his character. He knew also, for the Psalms show it, that not only when a fierce foe pursues, but at every moment of life we stand close—very close—to the threshold of death.

Brethren, these last days should have made this consciousness of David's our own. It was but two weeks ago that we bewailed (though

with the knowledge of his own joyful deliverance) the departure of one to whom this Church owed so deep a debt for his work and for his exemplary life. Now we have hardly heard one death-knell, when another sounds in our ears. It is as when the greatest of modern English orators, during the Crimean war, exclaimed: "The Angel of Death is abroad; one can hear the beating of his wings."

We have heard of the death, at a great age, of one who once seemed destined to the highest place in our communion, but, swept along by a great wave of religious feeling, not now our province to discuss, passed over to the Church of Rome, of which he became the most distinguished figure. Not now the time to consider the lessions of the strange divided career of Henry Edward Manning. Suffice it to remember that however ill-advised and disastrous his theological change may seem to us, we can pay a tribute even in a Protestant church to the memory of one who labored consistently for the cause of temperance and for honorable agreement between the employer and the labourer.

But a career significant and memorable as this is hardly noticed when the funeral bell announces that the heir to England's crown, in the very prime and bloom of youth, is suddenly taken away. A stroke so sudden, so unexpected, has not been known in English history since that sad November day in 1817, when the

heiress of the English throne, Princess Charlotte, the darling hope of the nation, died with her infant in childbirth. Then indeed political circumstances, the possibilities of foreign inheritance of the British crown, enhanced the gloom of the bereavement. But even when this element is absent, when the succession is firmly and assuredly established, there is a pang that only the cynic and the selfish can repudiate. Death is not gentler in the palace than in the cottage; there is so much more to lose. Even those who care not for the institution of monarchy, from the great republic of North America came heartfelt sympathy. And who could think unmoved of the scene, whether it had taken place in cottage or in palace—the mother, that graceful figure which never has lost the affection of Englisnmen since the time, nearly thirty years ago. when our laureate welcomed the

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,"—

of the father who himself knew what it was to enter into the very pains of death, and now has another lesson and warning. And of one other, the affianced wife, maid and widow alike, whose betrothal had called forth such unanimous approval and joy—one thinks of the words of Shakespeare, which with such slight alteration seems to be uttered by a whole nation:

"I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bridal to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed (his) grave."

I have said that in this event, political interests are but slightly at all concerned. Perhaps that enhances the true effect of the lesson, and the simple tragedy of the event. The connection of family ties with the institution of monarchy has its advantages as well as disadvantages. Theorists may express preference for the ideal of a single figure, like that of the great Antonines, untrammelled by such ties, leaving to adoption the future of the empire. But, even if that method ensured all the virtues of selection, it had the signal and fatal flaw of running counter to natural feeling. The few might have welcomed it, the many might yield allegiance, but not that fervent love which springs from sympathy. Granted all the evils which unworthy descendants bring with them, granted the increased expense, and the possible social anomalies, yet the sight of a pure family life around the throne is better for a nation than a thousand victories. The sight of George III. and his wife and children walking on the terrace at Windsor, and the knowledge of their homely life, did more for loyalty than even Chatham's eloquence or Wolfe's immortal victory. It had been the first spectacle of the sort since the ill-fated Charles bade tearful farewell

to his children after receiving the sentence of death. The second Charles had no children; his successor was virtually dethroned by his daughter's consort. The two next monarchs were childless, or left no offspring. The first of the Hanoverians was separated from his queen, and the second estranged from his eldest son. But then came a truly English king, and the loving simplicity of an English home as a spectace and an example. And we have seen, both old and young, the more recent spectacle of a family reared by a wise father and a virtuous mother, not indeed without its shadows and omissions, but at least without any of the hideous tragedies which ended the Bavarian reign with a maniac's suicide, and covered the imperial throne of Austria with irreparable mourning. A nation's opinion is the opinion of its majority; and I believe that this majority would rather serve under an idealized and elevated reflection of their own life, than under the most enlightened ruler whose personal life was isolated and self-contained.

But surely these sad and inevitable reflections are not the only lesson from a young man's sudden death! Who can dare to say that his vigor of constitution, his youth, his joy of life, can guarantee him fifty years of existence, or twenty, or ten, or one? Not only David, dreading the assassin's sword, not only the patient,

longing for and yet fearing his physician's verdict, but all of us, down to the very youngest, must confess: "There is but a step between me and death."

The soldier knows it as the bugle sounds the advance, and the hurtling shot, and comrades falling on either side warn him, but he sees the colours before him, and remembers that it is sweet and honourable to die for one's country. The sailor goes alertly to his work, but he knows that only a plank or a thin iron plate is between him and an unfathomable ocean. The engine-driver knows that one error of memory, one failure from intemperance or sleep, may hurl the passengers into the great unknown future. Yes, every man and woman, however retired their life, must know, if they are not "more brutish than any man," if they are not

> "Duller than the fat weed
> That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,"

that for us all, for the young man as the old, for the rich as for the poor, for the retired as for the active, for the pious as for the sinner—"there is but a step between me and death."

Do our young men realize this? Will the death-bed of this young man, not bowed by debility, trained in diligence and simple habits of life, inured by wise counsels even in the labours and fatigues of a seaman's life—will not

this speak to some a message that has not yet been grasped. "Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come."

If you will be ready should a call come to you, what must you do now? There are four duties of youth, four ordeals, which must be surmounted if you will emerge from the mere animal and mechanical life, if you will aspire to fulfil your high vocation.

Firstly, to *obey*. There are some who are startled at this despotic sentiment. "That may be very well for the old country, with its aristocracies and relics of feudalism, but it is not for us. One man here is as good as another!" How far the foolish indulgence of parents may nourish this theory, I will not discuss, but I challenge it. I deny it altogether.

No, one man is not as good as another! There is superiority and inferiority in character, there is superiority and inferiority in ability, there is superiority and inferiority in birth even, though I do not mean by the rules of the Herald's College, but the descent from pure and strong and God-fearing ancestry. If a young man cannot obey, he will never be fit to command, for he will not command himself. One of the greatest of German writers left this maxim, worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold, and of being the motto of each young man's aspiration:

"*Only under restriction can a master prove himself; and law alone can bring us freedom.*" Obey then the authority which an educated reason acknowledges. Obey—because it is profitable. Obey—because it is noble. And then, even before you are aware, the call will come to you: "Take thou authority! Thou hast been faithful in a small thing, enter into the joy of the Lord."

And the next word is *learn*. "What have I to learn? (say some) and what use is learning to me? Will it make me richer, or more powerful in any community? I have been at school, and perhaps at college. What more do I want?"

The teaching of school and college, even when every honor is obtained, means just one drop in the ocean of knowledge. The youth worth anything, the youth who will make a man in time, is always eager to learn. Life is not half long enough for his diligence, and only eternity could suffice for his aspiration. But how often we see ignorance, not merely contented but supercilious and conceited. Yes, conceited of a knowledge which is a minus quantity, not even enough to discern its own ignorance. And true knowledge is so humble, for its far sight discerns the distant mountain peaks, the passes not yet traversed, the plains yet unsurveyed.

And the third ordeal is *suffering*—endurance, the patience of the saints. Will you point to

some who have never suffered, and I will show you those whose moral stature is yet incomplete. "Why need I suffer? Let the weak suffer and submit, and let me hold my own! The fittest survive and the weaker fail in the struggle of life. A general might as well prefer and pray for defeat as a man prefer suffering in the world." I do not say that he shall pray for it; the concern is that when it comes he shall bear it, and when it is past he shall thank God for it. You cannot escape suffering, except by making others suffer for you. And if that be your lot, will there not be a future when the memories of a selfish and sensual past shall be the torture of an eternal present.

And the last word is *conquer*, and if you have obeyed, and learned, and suffered, the rest is clear—first to conquer oneself, then to conquer evil around us. Then all is yours, and you stand secure amid failure and calamity, and death itself. You know then how near death is—that there is but a step between you and death, and you do not fear it. For it is not darkness in the horizon, but (as the pilgrim in the allegory found) a bright land visible beyond the gloomy river. That river must be passed, but it has no terror for the Christian. Only through it can he be perfected. Only by that passage can he throw off all his weakness, and obtain all his heritage. Only by the body's

death can he come to know fully what here he knows but in part, to know the Truth as now he is known of God.

And if that spirit be ours, we have learned the lesson of life, and can teach it to others. Life we are to live, to utilize, and even to enjoy (when such is our Father's will), and then—though the cup may be bitter, and we pray that it may pass from us—yet the end is submission and peace, and even triumph, when we exclaim:

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . . but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"NEHUSHTAN."

Preached at St. John's Church, August 7th, 1892.

"And Hezekiah brake in pieces the brasen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense unto it: and he called it Nehushtan."*—2 KINGS xviii. 4.

THE history of Israel is the history of the supernatural. Biblical scholarship can aid us; it can sift and classify, comment and interpret; it can furnish illustrations; it can settle matters of literary style, chronology, and authorship, or at least mark out what is knowable at present on these matters; but soon the boundary is reached when the commentator is silent, the oracle is dumb—the human intelligence has spoken all it can, and it remains but to say, as we ponder over the narrative of wonder,

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

There is no incident more wonderful than the story of the Brasen Serpent, which we read in the Book of Numbers. Wonderful in the miracle

* Margin, "A piece of brass."

itself, more wonderful, if possible, in the Divine method of the miracle; wonderful, almost inexplicable to us, as surely much more to the Israelites, in the seeming reversal of the strict prohibition against the "making of an image or similitude;" wonderful in the selection of the serpent, the cause of the plague, associated also with the first temptation and sin of mankind.

Israel was near the end of the wandering in the wilderness. They left Mount Hor, where Aaron had died, and they marched southward in order to avoid entering the land of Edom, which had refused their request for passage. They were almost in sight of the Red Sea, where associations of old should have aroused confidence in God, but here the national weakness once more obtained the upper hand. Once more the old murmurs were heard, the spirit of mutiny arose. It was the old cry: "*Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.*" Their contempt for the miraculous food so freely given to them was soon to be punished. A swarm of *saraphs* appeared, a species of peculiarly venomous serpents, terrible from the burning agony of their poison, which gave the epithet of "fiery" or "burning" to them, and "much people of Israel died." Terror bred remorse, or at least the need for appeal. The people confess their sin, and Moses pleads for them. And then

the command is received to make a brasen *saraph*, and set it upon a pole. "*And it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he seeth it* (or, looketh upon it) *shall live.*" The promise was fulfilled, the wounded were healed, and so the history ends.

But we are enabled from a later narrative to complete the history of the Brasen Serpent. It was preserved and held in natural veneration. It was carried into the Promised Land. We know not in what high place or shrine it was preserved. We know not what protests were made, or by what means it survived the vicissitudes of those troubled centuries

There are commentators who endeavour to explain away the narrative, and would persuade us that the original brasen serpent could not have been thus preserved; that Samuel would not have permitted its existence, or that it would have been mentioned expressly in the enumeration of the relics preserved in the ark. There are difficulties here as elsewhere, but to me at least there is greater difficulty in rejecting a plain statement of an occurrence not antecedently impossible.

When the good king Hezekiah ascended the throne, he began by a thorough reformation of existing abuses. "*He removed the high places*" —that is, the unlicensed shrines and local sanctuaries; "*he brake the pillars*"—monuments which tended dangerously to similarity with

Baal-worship, as the *Asherah* or groves to the kindred worship of Astarte. And last of all, greatest act of testimony to the purity of divine worship—act of sacrilege to superstitious minds—he laid hands upon that venerable relic which for eight centuries had enlisted the worship of successive generations. What an astonishment, what a pang of horror must have been excited when the relic to which the people were accustomed to burn incense, was brought forth, and by the king's command broken in pieces! And his word completed and explained the act. "*He called it Nehushtan*"—"*a piece of brass.*" He shamed them from the past idolatry. He recalled them to the worship of the Living GOD.

And so the Brasen Serpent seems to vanish from history with its destruction; but once more, after lapse of time, it is recalled to mind. Jesus Christ, in his colloquy with Nicodemus, refers to it as a type of the elevation of Christ upon the cross. "*As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

We must now turn back to the original story, if we are to unravel the multifarious difficulties which attend an effort to realise its lesson to ourselves. There is the positive salvation, connected in the past with the Brasen Serpent, as with its antitype the Cross. There is the negative danger of superstition attaching to a symbol

the most venerable and holy, and corrupting the worship of God into idolatry of the creature.

At the very first sight there are difficulties. Those commentators who have striven to show that the original brasen serpent was not preserved, are not merely actuated by the possible inclination to defend the use of the crucifix, which even Lutherans do not exclude altogether, but the fear of connecting the Jewish lapse with Egyptian serpent-worship.

The use of an image in spite of the general prohibition, and that image the serpent, is a mystery in itself. When Justin Martyr pressed his Jewish opponent in the Dialogue for an explanation, the reply is that the Teachers cannot account for it. But we find light and instruction in one of the so-called Apocryphal Books. In the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon we read (xvi. 5-7):

"For when . . . they perished with the stings of crooked serpents, thy wrath endured not forever. But they were troubled for a small season, having a sign of salvation, . . . *for he that turned himself toward it was not saved by the thing that he saw, but by Thee, that art the Saviour of all.*"

And this is followed by the Talmud, which explains the words in the Book of Numbers thus: "*It shall come to pass that if one bitten look upon it, he shall live, if his heart be directed to the Name of the Word of the Lord.*"

But a new aspect is introduced by Philo, who makes this serpent the opposite of the serpent of the temptation. "*The serpent of Eve,*" he says, "*was pleasure, but the serpent of Moses was temperance and endurance.*" Some of the Christian writers took up this view. Ambrose, for instance, speaks of the "*good serpent which sheds not poison, but its antidotes.*" But here it is impossible not to recall the fact that good qualities were symbolised by the serpent in that curious form of pagan worship included in the Indian and even the Greek and Roman mythologies.

The serpent represents life and force, sometimes even eternity, and the quality of wisdom sometimes included reminds one of the words of Jesus: "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

In other places it represents the local deity; in fact, there is no evil principle symbolised in any pagan religion. It is only the religion of Israel which proclaims the serpent was "*more subtil than any beast of the field,*" and the source of man's disobedience.

For the Scripture presents the Serpent as the symbol of the personal power of evil. So it was in the miracle in the wilderness, where the evil by which the people suffered is shown openly as overcome. He who, looking upon the symbol, recognized in it the sign of God's conquering power, found in himself the effects of faith.

The evil was represented as overcome in a *typical* form (a brasen serpent), and not in an *individual* form (a natural serpent), and therefore the application of the image was universal.

Let us then place the two incidents together, as the Scripture does—the elevation of the serpent and the elevation of Christ on the Cross. We admit the curious analogies which might convey a favourable symbolism to the serpent. The author of the epistle ascribed to Barnabas, and even Origen, inclined to this view, which enlists the ingenuity of interpreters. But true Biblical interpretation draws a firm line of demarcation between the region of certainty and the region of edifying possibility. We are safe, and only then safe, by confining the analogy to the matter of *elevation* and of *faithful appeal*, even that of "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Great stress is laid in this Gospel upon this "lifting up." "When ye have lifted up the Son of Man," said Jesus, "then shall ye know that I am he." And again, in language still more prophetic: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, shall draw all men unto me." It is used also in reference to the Ascension. Thus the words imply an exaltation in appearance far different from that of the triumphal king, and yet in its true issue leading to a divine glory. For this passage, through the elevation on the Cross to the elevation on the right hand of God, was a necessity arising out of the laws of the divine nature.

The great lesson, then, which unites Old and New Testament, uttered in different words and by means of different symbols, but essentially the same, teaches that a Saviour at all times has been lifted up for the salvation of men, and that those who turn with faith to that Saviour shall not look in vain.

That is a relatively simple lesson, though sublime in its glorious message of grace. Now we turn to the other side. The danger that attends, like a dark cloud near the light, upon the very borders of truth.

If ever there was a historical monument which merited to receive the wondering admiration of posterity, it must have been that Brasen Serpent, which once had been God's chosen symbol and effective sign of grace. Who could look upon it unmoved, as he remembered the terrible days of old—the fiery serpents, the agonizing deaths, the frantic, piteous appeal, and the pardon and rescue given by miracle! Could any behold without an inclination to worship, to regard the past history as a present attribute, the Divine appointment then as a magical charm inherent in the object now? Could they look on it, and not worship?

To the Jewish race, then, the idea was contagious and the temptation irresistible. If the deities of other nations could allure to a divided worship, to conciliate a possible force and hostility, why not an object known to have been an

instrument of power, and presumed to contain that power in some latent form? So we find that, together with the pillars and the groves, this venerable relic became a snare and even a cause of sin. And therefore Hezekiah, in the first fervour of his zeal, condemned it to the same destruction. "He brake in pieces the brasen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense unto it: and he called it Nehushtan,"—(sc., "that piece of brass.")

What lesson does this teach us applicable to present times and present temptations? The great purifying work of Hezekiah finds a remarkable parallel in the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Then, as two thousand years before, false shrines were destroyed and evil methods of true worship restrained. The mass became a communion, the altar a table, images and pictures were destroyed. Most significant of all, the pictured cross was removed from the walls of churches. This must have caused a pang to many minds. It must have been a breach with old associations. "Can there be harm in it?" many must have exclaimed. "Are we not told that from the Cross comes our salvation? May we not then adore the Cross, or the image which pictures the Saviour extended upon it?"

Those who have travelled in Roman Catholic countries and have seen the large crosses erected,

with the figure representing in crude outline and colours the agonies of death, have seen that against which the Reformation protested. They have seen its logical sequel also. For, as with Israel, the almost excusable veneration for the Brasen Serpent led on to the worship of Baal and Ashtoreth, so the crucifix is almost lost amidst the innumerable objects of worship—pictures of saints, the symbols of their sufferings, relics of their bodies, dress, and habitation. Where was the barrier to be erected? What adoration of a creature was right, and what was wrong? And the Reformation answered, as Hezekiah had answered of old, that all creature-worship, and all that tended to creature-worship, was of evil.

There is no symbol more glorious to the Christian than the Cross. From childhood, engraven upon the heart, there are pictures which need no human pencil. We see Jesus fainting under His cross, on the way to death; we see that cross erected, and the divine figure there extended; we hear, as if spoken now, the gracious words of pardon to enemies and of love to His own. We hear the voice that tells us that salvation is completed, that the work of Christ is finished. We know for what purpose the Saviour was lifted upon the Cross—"*that whosoever believeth may in Him have eternal life.*"

Do we need, ought we to desire, to leave the

person for the instrument—the crucified Saviour who should be in our hearts for the emblem which can be touched and handled? One service of our Reformed Church, it is true, retains once, as a curious survival, the use of the manual sign of the Cross, but the Rubric apologetically refers to a canon of the Church which expressly disavows and condemns all adoration of the symbol; and all should be aware that this incident of the baptismal service forms no part of the sacramental sign, which has for its absolutely indispensable criterion that it should be "*ordained by Christ Himself.*"

There have been times in the history of the Jewish, as of the Christian Church, when there was need to teach the duty and value of outward signs of devotion. In those disorganized days when Samuel was prophet and judge, he had more constructive work to do than to repress any nascent feeling of veneration for the Brasen Serpent. When men were hardly to be brought to worship Jehovah at all, it was not the time to teach an unnecessary lesson. And so, in modern days which some of the oldest can faintly remember, when the services in village churches, and often in cities also, were performed negligently, carelessly, irreverently—there was need for the minister of God to inculcate reverence in outward things; as even now there are too many who, in the name of Protestantism, furnish the most efficient weapon to the

enemies of Protestantism, by neglect of decency and order.

But when the tide runs the other way—when superstition is the religious epidemic, and the outward symbol obscures the inward grace—then the need is different. Then Hezekiah destroys that national monument which has become an idol, and calls it "*that thing of brass.*" Then the faithful minister warns against the insidious growth of that erroneous devotion which mistakes the shadow for the substance, the symbol for the reality. He teaches that God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth.

The Cross of Christ, brethren, should have no need of outward aid to imprint it on the memory of Christians. Jesus tells us that unless we take up the Cross we cannot be His disciples; but that means far other and far more than to place a crucifix on our table. St. Paul will not glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, *by whom* the world is crucified unto him. Even if we take the alternate reading—"by *which*," *i.e.*, by the Cross itself—that will not obscure the meaning for an instant. The Cross is the efficient instrument for Christ, and Christ for us. By this He reconciled us, and "abolished in His flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances;" by this He "reconciled them both in one body unto God." Or, as he says elsewhere, "He hath taken

it (this law of ordinances) out of the way, nailing it to the Cross."

That Cross has done its work, once and for ever, and for us now the Saviour is our glorified Intercessor. The cross which we have to take is the life of humility, patience, perseverence in well-doing. We cannot picture it except in the struggle of daily life. To fancy that we can attain the same end by looking at a symbol, even with a sense of worship, or that we can pay off the service of our heart by some outward discipline of the body, is the most fatal of delusions. Our object of worship will prove, at the last, to be mere Nehushtan, the piece of brass or wood, as helpless as the pagan idol, and without its plea of ignorance. But to those whose life has been the Cross, and their gaze fixed upon the Saviour, the promise is sure—'They shall not perish, but have eternal life."

THE FINISHED COURSE.

Preached at St. John's Church, September 11th, 1892, after the death of Bishop Medley.

"I have finished the course."—2 Tim. iv. 7. R. V.

The force of an illustration varies with the mind of the receiver. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," is the key to all teaching, but especially the teaching by metaphor and parable. To some, in this age of florid and realistic description, St. Paul's words may seem colorless and tame; but to the masters of language, to those who weigh the value of each word, as of a coin fresh from the mint of thought and expression, above all to those who understand St. Paul's use of condensed imagery, these few and simple words carry a deep and a pathetic meaning. The course was his life, the life that now lay behind him. "*I am now ready to be offered,*" he says, "*the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course.*"

He looked back, from the time of that second Roman imprisonment, upon the vista of past life, his childhood, education under Gamaliel, his eager

devotion to the national cause and faith, his zeal against Christianity, the persecution and stoning of Stephen, the fateful journey to Damascus, the conversion, probation, first ministry, trials, travels, failures, succcesses: "In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." And what after? The sword of the Roman executioner, and then—the Master's welcome.

All lives are not like this, but every Christian life has and must have the element of combat, and, above all, of completion. The course must be entered, and it must be finished. It is the faint human echo of the great proclamation from the Cross, which our lips may utter. But not all can utter it. So many sink exhausted in the course. So many turn aside to what seems easier competition, and a more attractive reward. But to those that continue there is the certain reward. "*He that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved.*"

Many of you have heard that one whose life from any point of view was noble and memorable, has "finished the course." Already from many quarters (the columns of the press, that daily pulpit of the nineteenth century, with its myriad congregations and its boundless choice of topic), words of generous acknowledgment, of merited recognition have gone forth. Praise almost unmingled, and yet truth, for there are lives where the old and abused maxim, "*nil nisi bonum*

mortuis," can be exchanged for the better rendering, "*nil nisi verum.*" But we can do more than echo the words of praise that are on the lips of all, irrespective of creed and party. At the end of a course so long and so eventful we can judge, we can anticipate posterity itself, for many of us are the posterity of that generation which gave birth to JOHN MEDLEY, Bishop of Fredericton.

To understand a man rightly, we must understand his generation, its passions and aspirations. We cannot yet judge our own age, and therefore our ephemeral verdicts will often be refuted by the logic of later experience. But we can judge the generation of the First Reform Bill of 1830, the men who longed for a liberty which, if to modern views meagre and inadequate, then meant almost a legal revolution—the generation of Brougham and Romilly, of Russell and Grey, when Carlyle and Tennyson were but hopeful youths unknown to fame; when Jeremy Bentham was the political prophet of the new generation, and Wordsworth its poet; when Cobbett's pen was still keen and dreaded; when Canning's silvery eloquence had but recently been silenced in the grave That was an age of force and hope and action; an age when the leaders of men were kings, and even the humble followers shared the heroic spirit. And what of religious life? Every vigorous generation finds its best force reflected here.

Fifty years before it was the evangelical revival which lifted up the Church of England from sloth and indifference, which enlisted the ardent championship of laymen like Wilberforce, and the sympathy of those who approved the good, even while they neglected its practical precepts.

So it was again in 1830, but the tide was turning. Another aspect of religion occupied the minds of leaders, and was preparing to arouse the enthusiasm of their followers. Around these leaders, men of great ability and singular personal force, John Henry Newman, Hurrell Froude, Wm. Palmer and John Keble, recruits flocked from every quarter. Fifty years before the Gospel had been the cry. Now it was the Church and her services. Many have endeavored to estimate the nature and results of what is named the Oxford or Tractarian or High Church movement Whatever be the verdict upon later aberrations of inferior successors, there is no exception here to the invariable rule that every great and durable movement is noble in its beginnings. How else could it have attracted the sympathy of all that was best of young England, even those who never became active disciples; even at first those who afterwards became hostile? Not only eminent lawyers like Phillimore and the elder Coleridge, statesmen like Sydney Herbert and the present prime minister of England; scholars like Mark Pattison (who obediently translated "Lives of

Saints" at the bidding of Newman); brilliant literary men like the younger Froude, afterwards to pass to a position of direct antagonism—all these swelled the movement for the revival of church life, and the emphasis upon those tenets which were supposed particularly to represent doctrine. Not only in themselves, but by contrast with other religious parties at that time, the Tractarians had the advantage. A cold officialism prevailed among the bishops; the survivors of the older evangelicals had become narrow and had lost their former enthusiasm; the liberal school of Jeremy Taylor and Tillotson was represented by hard and meagre teachers like Hampden, who did not make up by scientific eminence for personal unattractiveness. In a word, all that was generous, earnest, of high aspiration, and of over-mastering zeal, was then on the side of the new movement; as before with the evangelicals, and not long afterwards with the school of Maurice and Trench and Charles Kingsley. But what is description compared to personal knowledge? The inhabitants of my own ecclesiastical province have known the spirit of the original Oxford movement better than any history could teach you, in a man who reflected what was best in it. I said that in the epochs of great movements even the lesser warriors are heroes; but our lamented bishop in any period, under any conditions, would have gained far more than a mere name

in the catalogue of obscure subordinates, more than a mere mention, as of the "*brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus*" who fill up a line but hardly leave a memory. We knew the man of fixed opinions, fully assured in his own mind, and speaking that mind without fear or favour. He may not have practised, he may not even have conceived the modern philosophical tolerance based upon a historical comparison of differing theological views. But his intolerance, if it deserved that stigma, was simply the intolerance of Martin Luther against Erasmus and Zwingli, the intolerance of John Knox against prelacy, of Calvin against Servetus—that is to say, the repugnance felt and expressed for opinions which a man only partly understands, and wholly dislikes.

But the people of his diocese knew him in other aspects than as a staunch upholder of one school of thought in the Church of England. We knew him, and I know that all respected and were proud of him, as the many-sided man, the man whose entrusted talents had not been few, and had been richly increased—the man who in many, if not all intellectual qualities, stood above those who met him and opposed him. Holiness and spiritual zeal, we know, are the first and greatest qualities in a minister of religion. Their presence will condone and even transfigure mental deficiencies; their absence reduces all talents and capacities to mere sounding brass.

Nevertheless, and this is especially true in a democratic age and in a voluntary church, the power of personal force and of intellectual acquirement is mighty. Laymen respect doubly the man who, in their own professions, could have been their equal or superior, could have easily amassed fortune instead of the precarious competence of his lot.

A man whose knowledge of art would have made him an authoritative critic, who could have been a successful architect, who was a musician in the highest sense, creative as well as receptive, such a man is the living exception in an age of narrow specialisms and borrowed opinions. But two gifts were especially his, powers which, if not indispensable for a minister of God, are invaluable helps, the one for the work of rightly dividing the word of truth, the other as the means of making its teachings clear, intelligible, and felt by the heart. I mean scholarship and eloquence. When we speak of a "scholar" we comprise two distinct types in one descriptive word. The scholar *par excellence*, indeed, is the man who can devote all his life not only to study, but (in these days) to one particular branch of learning; who has access to every work of reference or means of illustration; who receives and notes almost each day the results, discoveries or conjectures of other students in other parts of the world; who grudges not a month's incessant labor (if needful) to verify a single

reference, or correct a single verbal error. Learning is a hard task-mistress, and her votaries must sacrifice at her shrine joy and strength and life itself. But there is another class which may claim the epithet "scholarly," and indeed, in a secondary degree, the title of "scholars" themselves. Those, namely, who, while engaged in some active profession, are always aiming to increase their stock of knowledge; who having enjoyed the advantage of a sound education regard it not as a stock for life, but the mere commencement of a life-long increase. Then it is that we find taste pure, and judgment sober, and reasoning sound, and above all these qualities something of a sweet reasonableness which comes only to those who have compared the thoughts of many minds, and know how much is open to question and has been questioned even by competent intelligence. Far from such thinkers is the cheap sneer of the sciolist or the blatant assertion of the controversialist who has drawn his recent learning from the encyclopædia. They recognize, like Newton, that knowledge is a vast ocean, and students but the children gathering pebbles on its infinite shores.

And the other great gift he possessed was utterance, both by voice and writing. Not his the popular eloquence which is advertised and sent to market; not his the power, and far less the inclination, to startle and puzzle and excite to laughter in sacred places, or to the vulgar

admiration which demands a coarse sustenance. But his was that true eloquence which depends upon accurate thought and exquisite fitness of language, pulsating with true feeling, like the gentle rise and fall of billows in a summer sea. And when that true eloquence is aided by the inflections of a voice like his, by an utterance simple, distinct, earnest, and coming from the heart, it is a power of God, which even opponents admitted with ungrudging admiration, and friends look back upon now with the sad conscionsness that nō Elisha will receive his mantle. Let me quote to you two passages taken (almost at random) from the volume of sermons he published on his coming to this country. In one he is speaking of church music, a subject in which none possessed greater competence. He is urging the duty of making music the fit handmaid of the sacred words of chant and psalm and hymn:

"Shall we," he says, "sing the subjects of the Psalms, or the birth, the sufferings, and the victories of the Son of God, the conflicts of His church, the mercies of His covenant love, the dread realities of an approaching judgment, the glories of heaven, the terrors of hell, in strains of light and earthly festivity? These surely require a severe and masculine style, a sober, dignified, awful devotion. The strains which delight the world are foreign to the Church, and should be banished from her walls. The

sententious gravity, solemn grandeur, and rich fulness of the words to be sung, dictate beyond all question the kind of music to which those words are to be set; a kind which is as distinct from all other music as the Bible is distinct from every other kind of writing. Happily, there is no lack of such music in the works of our older masters, and never was the saying of our Saviour more appropriate than in reference to this subject, that 'no man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new;' for he saith, 'The old is better.'"—["Sermons," 1845, p. 388.]

Or this passage from a harvest sermon upon the parable of the Wheat and Tares:

"To us who live in the midst of a careless, sinful world, eternity seems at so vast, so immeasurable a distance, that it is as if it would never come. Men die and pass away from the scene of their earthly pilgrimage, but the world forgets them; the sympathy of the world is brief, its friendship is hollow and selfish, its cares are many, its business is pressing, its pleasures are multiplied, and in the midst of this bustling, noisy life, it seems as if it would never come to an end.

"Responsibility is forgotten; the account which each of us shall give of himself is hid and out of sight; life seems the reality, but eternity an unreal and shadowy thing, a tale of priests, a jest, a dream. Such is too often our view of life; but this shadow (as we term it)

lengthens upon us, and draws nigh in spite of all; life, though it grows busier, waxes feebler; character is rapidly formed and fixed, and ere we are aware of it, we ripen for eternity and pass rapidly into it. Our trial is no longer—our fixed state begins."—[*Ibid.* p., 268.]

That clear statement in the last words of the Scriptural doctrine of the Church of England is most valuable, coming from those lips which still speak to us even in death, and, in the face of the dangerous teachings which now are being introduced.

That with death trial ends, and the "fixed state" begins, or, in St. Paul's words, that the course is finished, and the reward is then "laid up" - that is at once the dread warning to the sinner, and the consolation of the righteous. And his "fixed state" is begun now, and it is a state of rest and joy. We know not, brethren, the mysteries of the future state, nor can we describe the consolation of those who rest in Abraham's bosom with Lazarus, or who enter into the Paradise where it was promised once that a penitent sinner should enter on the very day of his confession of faith. But whatever increase in happiness may succeed the final consummation, to which martyrs and saints look forward—that "day" when the Lord, the righteous judge, shall bestow the "crown of righteousness," the same Apostle Paul declares that to depart is to "be with Christ."

With Christ, his beloved Master, rests our good Bishop and pastor. He has bequeathed us an example, to all of us. Not in this opinion or that practice, but in the scheme of his whole life. He has left to Canada an example of a type which, whether in the Mother Country or the colonies, tends sadly to diminish—that of the gentleman who needs no lavish surroundings to prove his position and maintain his dignity, who is equal to himself in all circumstances, the chivalry of modern times which does not need (as the knights of old) imprisoned heroines or fabled giants in order to prove fidelity and prowess.

He has left us the example of a citizen who was an honor to his adopted country, avoiding no duty, grudging no obligation, but knowing that it was in the due performance of his own work that he best proved his citizenship. Rarely he offered counsel, more often it was asked of him, and then he gave the ripe fruit of a keen intelligence, a wide knowledge of the world, and a profound sense of what was due to a country's or a city's honour. And to us, his subordinates, his spiritual children especially, he has left an example most precious and yet most exacting. Though he never concealed his own firm and strong convictions, no one could have been, in his later days as I knew him, more tolerant of legitimate difference, more courteous to adverse opinion within the limits of our Church. What that example was in munificent generosity

in anxious care for his subordinates, in encouragement to young ministers, in scrupulous performance of duty, that is known to us all. May it be ours to follow in his footsteps. May his constant prayers for this his beloved diocese be heard. May the good providence of God help us at the present time; assist our present bishop, the successor of a historical episcopate, the inheritor of difficult responsibilities.

May we, one and all, so fight the good fight, that with the end of life we may also say with him, "I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness."

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